This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

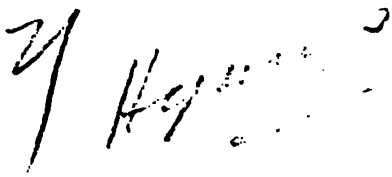
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



To,
Mrs Arnold-Forster

From
Mary. Reimer.
June 19. 1899.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

[redacted]

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

COMPILED BY

MARY S. SIMON

"With his whole heart he sang songs and loved Him that made him."—ECCLESIASTICUS XLVII. 8

LONDON
ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED
15 & 16 TAVISTOCK STREET W.C.
1893

BV
349
.S56

TO

Regenten House and Wintersdorf Girls

THERE and HERE

"I believe in the communion of saints"

PREFACE

To those Publishers, whose permission to print certain hymns contained in this volume has been granted on condition that that permission should be duly acknowledged, I accord my most grateful thanks: To Messrs. Burns and Oates, for leave to print hymns Nos. 75, 76, 77, 78, 79; to Messrs. Clowes and Sons, for Nos. 13, 14, 51, 74, 91, 101, 108, 122, 128, 129, 182; to Messrs. Chatto and Windus, for Nos. 109, 110, 111; to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., for Nos. 92, 93, 94, 163, 164, 165; to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., for Nos. 9, 60, 61, 62, 66, 134, 135, 168, 169; to Messrs. Nisbet and Co., for Nos. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 90; to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for Nos. 141, 142, 143, 144, 145; and lastly, to the Rev. Orby Shipley, Editor of the Lyra Mystica, *for leave to print two hymns (Nos. 154, 155) from that collection.*

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge requests me to emphasise the fact that it has granted me permission

to use the five hymns of Miss Rossetti (141–5), in consideration only of the Wintersdorf Hymnal being for private circulation.

With respect to those Publishers and Editors of Hymnals and other collectors of sacred poetry, to whose unwearied patience I owe not alone introductions to authors, and permission to make use of hymns and poems over which they themselves have control, but also such valuable assistance in the technicalities of a work entirely new to me as has rendered the Wintersdorf Hymnal possible—I tender thanks which, however sincere, appear sadly inadequate—namely, to the Rev. George Barrett, Messrs. John and Edward Bumpus, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the Rev. John Hunter, Messrs. Isbister and Co., the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, Messrs. Longmans and Co., Mr. John Murray, Messrs. Nelson and Co., Messrs. Parkes and Co., Messrs. Putnam's Sons, and Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. A mere list of names is a poor and cold recognition of my obligation, but unfortunately it is the only one that it is in my power to make.

It is a still more difficult task to express my gratitude to the authors of the poems in this volume, or to the Literary Executors of those authors who have passed away, as to name them would be but to repeat the Table of Contents. Personally, it is my pleasure to acknowledge that the numerous letters, containing words of sympathy and

interest, which I have received during the course of compilation, will ever remain among my most treasured possessions. With regard to the hymns which the authors or their Literary Executors have so generously placed at my disposal, the kindly feeling of all is probably expressed by one—Professor Blackie, when in reply to my request for leave to print three hymns of his in this collection, he writes: "What can give greater pleasure to a singer than to have his songs sung as widely as possible?" This their pleasure is therefore their reward.

Several of the hymns in this volume have been either written expressly for, or adapted to the requirements of the collection, and it affords me pleasure to be able in this place to record my thanks to such authors. I owe the hymn "Hold Thou my hands" to Mr. William Canton, whose generous help in innumerable matters of practical detail connected with the printing of this volume, no less than his contribution of an exquisite poem, has laid me under obligation from the first moment I decided upon printing until this last, when the Wintersdorf Hymnal has become an accomplished fact. I know that the appearance of this volume will be the best thanks I can offer to Miss M. J. Shaw, an old Wintersdorf girl, and my most gifted amanuensis—author of the hymn beginning, "When darkness falls, O Lord." Other hymns by Wintersdorf girls are those beginning "Thou hast a treasure in Thy

heart, O Lord," by Miss Bessie MacGowan, "Dark lines of hills, a golden sky," by Miss Sadie Simon, "Calm is the evening hour, O Lord, with Thee," by Miss Amy Kemp, "Faith and Hope and Charity," by Miss Lily McMillan, and "Again the light of day has dawned," by Miss Adelaide MacGowan. The hymn of the Rev. W. J. Dawson, "O Christ, withdrawn in depths divine," appears now for the first time, and has been presented by him as a Communion Hymn for the use of the Wintersdorf girls, while the two hymns by my brother, the Rev. John S. Simon, beginning "Come and let us sweetly sing" and "Now steals away the trembling light," were originally written for Regenten House and have been sung by us for many years. Among the hymns which have not as yet appeared in any collection is that by Mr. James Smetham, whose Life and Letters *is too well known to need more than passing mention. The hymns of Miss Rossetti are also still within the covers of her latest volume, entitled* The Face of the Deep. *That of Miss Annie Matheson, beginning "O Thou eternal Will of love," I found by happy accident in the January number of the* Journal of Education. *Those of Arthur Hugh Clough and Matthew Arnold also appear, as far as I have been able to trace them, for the first time in any "collection," although old friends of our own. Two of Mrs. Owen's, the fine hymn of the Rev. Dr. Richard Sinclair Brooke, beginning "Descend, O*

God, to animate—inspire," those of Miss J. E. A. Brown, the poems of Professor Dowden and Dr. Hatch, that by Miss Havergal, beginning "From glory unto glory," and several of Dr. Walter C. Smith's, are now for the first time, I believe, within the covers of a book compiled avowedly for use in Family or other Worship.

One word about the hymns by the brothers John and Charles Wesley. "Come, O Thou Traveller unknown" and "To the hills I lift mine eyes" are signed merely Wesley *as it "cannot be determined with certainty to which of the brothers they should be ascribed."*

To the kindness of Mrs. Brooke, of Dublin, I owe six of the Latin hymns. Two are from the pen of her husband, the late Dr. Sinclair Brooke, and all are contained in a small volume of English, Latin, and Greek hymns, translated or compiled by himself.

The German hymns are, with one or two modern exceptions, old popular hymns of the Lutheran Church. The graceful re-setting of them, however, by Mr. Canton will come as a welcome relief from the form *of the original even to eyes rendered by custom oblivious of its unloveliness.*

The compilation of an accompanying Tune Book is in process of completion, and it will be ready (in MS.) in the course of the Autumn. Many of the hymns are already wedded to music; others are in the hands of composers, and the whole is under the direction of Miss M. E.

Greaves—a sufficient guarantee to all who know her of the quality of the work. Hymns 9, 16, 17, 60, 62, 118, 169 are being set by Mr. Alfred Harborough, A.R.A.M., and will be published before the close of the year.

In conclusion, it may be possible, though I doubt it, that I have included some hymns for which permission has not been granted, or there may be some rendering of line or stanza not sanctioned by the author: this I also think unlikely, but should either of these misfortunes have occurred, I must throw myself upon the mercy of the poet, assuring him or her that the mistake has arisen not from carelessness, but through misadventure.

MARY S. SIMON.

WINTERSDORF,
July 24, 1893.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
ADAMS, Sarah Flower. (1805–1848.)	*Nearer, my God, to Thee* . . .	1
	The mourners came at break of day .	2
ALFORD, Henry, LL.D. (1810–1871.)	*I know not if the dark or bright* .	3
	Speak, for Thy servant heareth . .	4
ANONYMOUS.	*Father, hear the prayer we offer!* .	5
	Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling	6
	Light of the world! for ever, ever shining	7
	Mysterious Spirit, unto whom . .	8
ARNOLD, Matthew, LL.D. (1822–1888.)	*Thou, who dost dwell alone* . .	9
Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls."	*He standeth knocking at the door* .	10
B. E.	*Father, now the day is over* . .	11
BANCROFT, Charitie Lees.	*Thy way is best, my Father* . .	12
BARING-GOULD, Sabine, M.A.	*Onward, Christian soldiers* . .	13
„ (Trans.)	*Through the night of doubt and sorrow*	14

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
BAXTER, Richard. (1615–1691.)	*Lord, it belongs not to my care* . .	15
BLACKIE, John Stuart, LL.D.	*Angels holy*	16
	Lord of might and Lord of glory .	17
	O for a heart from self set free . .	18
BLAKE, T.W. JEX-, D.D.	*Lord, we thank Thee for the pleasure*.	19
BLAKE, William. (1757–1828.)	*To mercy, pity, peace, and love* . .	20
BLATCHFORD, A. N.	*Softly the silent night* . . .	21
BOADEN, Edward.	*Thou God of glory, truth, and love* .	22
BONAR, Horatius, D.D. (1808–1889.)	*Calm me, my God, and keep me calm*.	23
	Go labour on; spend, and be spent .	24
	Not in the silence only . . .	25
	Thy way, not mine, O Lord . .	26
	When the weary, seeking rest . .	27
BORTHWICK, Jane, and Mrs. Eric FINDLATER.	*Come, labour on*	28
	Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow	29
BRONTË, Anne. (1820–1849.)	*Oppressed with sin and woe* . .	30
BROOKE, Richard Sinclair, D.D. (1802–1882.)	*Descend, O God, to animate—inspire—*	31
	"Launch out a little" from this land	32
	When through Beersheba's desert wide	33
BROOKE, Stopford A., M.A.	*All-loving Father, unto whom* . .	34
	Oft as in a vernal woodland . .	35
	Soft are the dews of God that bless .	36
	When the Lord of Love was here .	37

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
BROWN, J. E. A.	*I yield myself to Thee* . . .	38
	In the Temple One is waiting . .	39
	It needs no ladder to the sky . .	40
	Lord! I acknowledge Thee in this thick cloud	41
	Lord! teach us how to pray! . .	42
BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett. (1809–1861.)	*Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!*	43
BRYANT, William Cullen. (1794–1878.)	*O deem not they are blest alone* . .	44
BUBIER, George Burden. (1823–1869.)	*My God, I love Thee for Thyself* .	45
BUNTING, William M.	*Blessed are the pure in heart* . .	46
BURLEIGH, William Henry. (1812–1872.)	*O deem not that earth's crowning bliss*	47
	Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary	48
	We ask not that our path be always bright	49
BURNS, James Drummond. (1823–1864.)	*Still with Thee, O my God!* . .	50
CAMPBELL, Jane Montgomery. (Trans.) (1817–1878.)	*We plough the fields, and scatter* .	51
CANTON, William.	*Hold Thou my hands!*	52
CASWALL, Edwd. (Trans.) (1814–1878.)	*Jesus, the very thought of Thee* . .	53
	The sun is sinking fast . .	54

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
CHADWICK, John White.	*Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round* .	55
CHARLES, Elizabeth Rundle.	*Master, where abidest Thou?* . .	56
	Never further than Thy cross . .	57
CHATTERTON, Thomas. (1752–1770.)	*O God, whose thunder shakes the sky* .	58
CHENEY, Mrs. E. D.	*At first I prayed for Light* . .	59
CLOUGH, Arthur Hugh. (1819–1861.)	*O only Source of all our light and life*	60
	O Thou whose image in the shrine .	61
	When the enemy is near thee . .	62
COBBE, Frances Power.	*God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn*	63
CONDER, E. R., D.D.	*Ye fair green hills of Galilee* . .	64
COWPER, William. (1731–1800.)	*Sometimes a light surprises* . .	65
CRAIK, Dinah Maria. (1826–1887.)	*Holy Lord Jesus, Thou wilt search till Thou find*	66
DAWSON, W. J.	*O Christ, withdrawn in depths divine*	67
DOWDEN, Edward, LL.D.	*I come to Thee not asking aught* .	68
	I found Thee in my heart, O Lord .	69
	Nothing remains to say to Thee, O Lord	70
	Yet one more step	71
ELLERTON, John, M.A.	*The day Thou gavest, Lord! is ended*	72
	When the day of toil is done . .	73
ELLIOT, Charlotte. (1789–1871.)	*Christian! seek not yet repose* . .	74

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
FABER, Frederick William, D.D. (1814–1863.)	*Father! the sweetest, dearest Name*	75
	Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling	76
	O God! Thy power is wonderful	77
	Souls of men! why will ye scatter	78
	There is a Sabbath won for us	79
FARRAR, Frederick William, D.D.	*God and Father, great and holy*	80
	In the field with their flocks abiding	81
FURNESS, William Henry, D.D.	*Slowly, by God's hand unfurled*	82
GATES, Mrs. E. H.	*If you cannot on the ocean*	83
GELDART, Edmund M., M.A.	*When the light of day is waning*	84
GOETHE, J. W. von. (1749–1832.)	*Purer yet and purer*	85
HATCH, Edwin, D.D. (1835–1889.)	*Breathe on me, Breath of God*	86
	I dared not hope that Thou would'st deign to come	87
	O Master of my Soul	88
	The way lies hence to Calvary	89
HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley. (1836–1879.)	*"From glory unto glory!" Thank God that even here*	90
HEBER, Bishop Reginald. (1783–1826.)	*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!*	91
HOLMES, Oliver Wendell, LL.D.	*Lord of all being, throned afar*	92
	O Love divine, that stoop'st to share	93
	Thou Gracious Power, whose mercy lends	94

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
HOPPS, J. Page.	*We praise Thee oft for hours of bliss* .	95
HOSMER, F. L.	*Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow*	96
	Go not, my soul, in search of Him .	97
	We pray no more, made lowly wise .	98
HOWE, Bishop W. Walsham.	*O Jesus! Thou art standing* . .	99
INGELOW, Jean.	*And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee*	100
KEBLE, John, M.A. (1792–1866.)	*O timely happy, timely wise* . .	101
	There is a book, who runs may read .	102
KEMP, Amy. (b. 1872.)	*Calm is the evening hour, O Lord with Thee*	103
KEMPTHORNE, J.	*Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him*	104
LARCOM, Lucy.	*When for me the silent oar* . .	105
LEESON, Jane E.	*Saviour! teach us, day by day* . .	106
LYNCH, Thomas Toke. (1818–1871).	*Gracious Spirit, dwell with me!* .	107
LYTE, Henry Francis. (1793–1847.)	*Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.*	108
MACDONALD, George, LL.D.	*O God, whose daylight leadeth down* .	109
	O Son of Man, Thy name by choice .	110
	Our Father, hear our longing prayer .	111
MACGOWAN, Adelaide G. (b. 1876).	*Again the light of day has dawned* .	112
MACGOWAN, Bessie, B.A. (b. 1869.)	*Thou hast a treasure in Thy heart, O Lord*	113
MCMILLAN, Lily (b. 1870.)	*Faith and Hope and Charity* . .	114

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
MASSIE, Richard.	*Lord, who hast taught to us on earth.*	115
MATHESON, Annie.	*Dear Master, what can children do?*	116
	From fretful care and worldly strife	117
	O Thou eternal Will of love	118
MATHESON, George, D.D.	*Lend me, O Lord, Thy softening cloud*	119
	O Love that wilt not let me go	120
MATSON, W. Tidd.	*Glory, glory to God in the highest!*	121
MILMAN, Henry Hart, D.D. (1791–1868.)	*Ride on! ride on in majesty!*	122
MONSELL, J. S. B., LL.D. (1811–1875.)	*O'er the distant mountains breaking*	123
	Oh! worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness	124
MONTGOMERY, James. (1771–1854.)	*Hail to the Lord's Anointed*	125
	Sow in the morn thy seed	126
MOORE, Thomas. (1779–1852.)	*Thou art, O God, the life and light*	127
NEALE, J. M. (Trans.) (1818–1866.)	*Art thou weary, art thou languid*	128
NEWMAN, John Henry, D.D. (1801–1890.)	*Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom*	129
OAKLEY, Sherman.	*In life's earnest morning*	130
OWEN, Frances Mary.	*Only a waste of waters*	131
	What is joy that we may taste it	132
	When Thy soldiers take their swords	133

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
PALGRAVE, Francis Turner.	*Once man with man, now God with God above us*	134
	Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross"	135
PROCTER, Adelaide Anne. (1825–1864.)	*My God, I thank Thee, who hast made*	136
QUARLES, Francis. (1592–1644.)	*Why dost Thou shade Thy lovely face?*	137
RANDS, William B. (1826–1882.)	*One Lord there is, all lords above*	138
RAWSON, George. (1807–1889.)	*God the Father! be Thou near*	139
	Walking with Thee, my God	140
ROSSETTI, Christina G.	*Grant us such grace that we may work Thy Will*	141
	How know I that it looms lovely that land I have never seen	142
	I was hungry, and Thou feddest me	143
	Lord, grant us grace to rest upon Thy word	144
	Who knows? God knows: and what He knows	145
ROWE, George Stringer.	*Cradled in a manger, meanly*	146
SAVAGE, Minot J.	*Father, we would not dare to change*	147
SCUDDER, Eliza.	*I cannot find Thee! Still on restless pinion*	148
SHAW, Minnie J. (b. 1868.)	*When darkness falls, O Lord*	149
SIMON, John S.	*Come and let us sweetly sing*	150
	Now steals away the trembling light	151

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
SIMON, Sadie S. (b. 1873.)	*Dark lines of hills, a golden sky*	152
SMETHAM, James. (1821–1889.)	*One thing, O Lord, do I desire*	153
SMITH, Walter C., D.D., LL.D.	*Eternal Word! God's true and only Son*	154
	Lo! He cometh, meek and lowly	155
	Lord God Omnipotent	156
	O Light, more light to shine upon my way	157
	One thing I of the Lord desire	158
STANLEY, Arthur Penrhyn, D.D. (1815–1881.)	*Lord! it is good for us to be*	159
	O frail spirit—vital spark	160
	"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings"	161
STERLING, John. (1806–1844.)	*O Source divine, and Life of all*	162
STOWE, Harriet Beecher.	*Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh*	163
	That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord	164
	When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean	165
STOWE, Mary Kent Adams.	*Lord, with a very tired mind*	166
STOWELL, T. Alfred.	*While the sun is shining*	167
TENNYSON, Alfred, D.C.L., P.L. (1809–1892.)	*Strong Son of God, immortal Love*	168
	Sunset and evening star	169
THRING, Godfrey, M.A.	*All that's good, and great, and true*	170
	Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	171

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
TUTTIETT, Lawrence.	*Father, let me dedicate* . . .	172
WARING, Anna L.	*Father, I know that all my life* . .	173
	Go not far from me, O my strength .	174
	In Heavenly Love abiding . .	175
	My heart is resting, O my God .	176
WATTS, Isaac, D.D. (1674–1748.)	*O God, our help in ages past* . .	177
WESLEY, John, M.A. (1703–1791) and Charles, M.A. (1708–1788.)	"*Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day*" .	178
	Thou hidden source of calm repose .	179
	Come, O Thou Traveller unknown .	180
	To the hills I lift mine eyes . .	181
WHITE, Henry Kirke (1785–1806) and Fanny F. MAITLAND.	*Oft in danger, oft in woe* . . .	182
WHITTIER, John Greenleaf. (1807–1892.)	*All as God wills, who wisely heeds* .	183
	Dear Lord and Father of mankind .	184
	Thine are all the gifts, O God! . .	185
	We may not climb the heavenly steeps	186
WORDSWORTH, Bishop Christopher. (1807–1885.)	*Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost* . .	187
ALLENDORF, J. L. C. (1693.)	Unter Lilien jener Freuden . . .	188
ANONYMOUS.	Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen . .	189
BRANDENBURG, L. H. K. von. (1627.)	Jesus meine Zuversicht . . .	190

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
FRANCK, J. (1618.)	Schmücke dich, o meine Seele . .	191
FREYLINGHAUSEN, J. A. (1670.)	Wer ist wohl, wie du? . . .	192
GELLERT, C. F. (1715.)	Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich . .	193
GERHARDT, Paul. (1606.)	Wie soll ich dich empfangen? . .	194
KRUMMACHER, F. A., D.D. (1768.)	Eine Heerde und ein Hirt'! . . .	195
NEANDER, J. (1640.)	Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren	196
NEUMARK, G. (1621.)	Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten .	197
RINCKART, Martin. (1585.)	Nun danket Alle Gott mit Herzen, Mund und Händen . . .	198
ROSENROTH, C. Knorr von, 1636.	Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit . . .	199
SCHMIDT, Job Euseb (1669.)	Fahre fort! Zion, fahre fort im Licht!	200
SCHULZE, G.W.	Beten heißt, im Himmel weilen . .	201
ALTES VOLKSLIED.	Schönster Herr Jesu	202
BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.	*Auctor beate sæculi*	203
	Creator alme siderum . . .	204
	Jesu dulcis memoria	205
	Lucis Creator optime . . .	206
	Rex gloriose martyrum . . .	207
	Te lucis ante terminum . . .	208
	Tristes erant Apostoli . . .	209
	Veni Creator Spiritus . . .	210

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR	FIRST LINE	NO
BONAVENTURE, St. Giovanni de Fidenza. (1221–1274.)	*Adeste fideles*	211
BROOKE, Richard Sinclair, D.D.	*Diem—diem exoptamus* . . .	212
	Jesu—cœlestis arca es . . .	213
KELLY, Thomas.	* *Hic est regio frondosa* . . .	214
POPE, R. T. P. (1799–1859.)	* *In tumultu, in dolore* . . .	215
WESLEY, Charles, M.A.	* *Christe fulgens summo coelo* . .	216
	* *Jesus amans et dilectus* . . .	217

* Latin version by the Rev. Richard S. Brooke, D.D.

1

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me:
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
  Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
  Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
  Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
  In mercy given:

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
  Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
  Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
  Bethels I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
  Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upwards I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
  Nearer to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

2

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

THE mourners came at break of day
  Unto the garden-sepulchre;
With darkened hearts to weep and pray
  For Him, the loved one buried there.

What radiant light dispels the gloom?—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low:
The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray:
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day:
Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

3

"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,—
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand,
By breath divine,—
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

HENRY ALFORD.

4

Thou gavest also Thy good spirit to instruct them."

SPEAK, for Thy servant heareth—
  Thus give us grace, O Lord,
To listen and to answer
  Whene'er Thy voice is heard:
Whether we wait expectant
  Its sound to guide us home;
Or all unsought, unwelcome,
  Its sudden warning come.

Above the whirl of traffic,
  Above the stir of life,
Amidst the songs of pleasure,
  And o'er the din of strife,
May never cease within us
  Thy whispers soft and clear,
Nor ready hearts, replying,
  "Speak, Lord, Thy servants hear."

And in the latest conflict,
  When strength and faith are low,
And all our schemes of comfort
  Are baffled by the foe;
Amid life's feeble throbbings
  Yet nearer and more near
May Thy sweet tones of solace
  Speak, and Thy servants hear.

HENRY ALFORD.

5

"In His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old."

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

ANONYMOUS.

6

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love:
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one:
And we will ever trust, each unknown morrow,
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths may peace, serene and holy,
Abide, and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, now, in Thy great presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

ANONYMOUS.

7

"Lo, this is our God."

LIGHT of the world! for ever, ever shining;
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of Life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

Thou hast arisen; but Thou declinest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever;
Brightness from first to last!

Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue;
Unfailing beauty and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new.

Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day!

ANONYMOUS.

8

"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?"

MYSTERIOUS Spirit, unto whom
Is known my sad and earth-bound frame;
Thou whom my soul, 'midst doubt and gloom,
Adoreth with a fervent flame;
Give me the speed of bird or wind,
Or torrent rushing to the sea,
That soaring upwards I may find
My resting place in Thee.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go,
  Swift as the eagle's wing of fire,
Or arrows from the lightning's bow,
  To God, the goal of my desire!
The weary tempest sleeps at last,
  The torrent in the sea finds rest;
Let me not always be outcast,
  Lord! take me to Thy breast.

My prayer hath pierced to God—The life,
  The resurrection power is mine:
From sin and grief, from pain and strife,
  I rise on wings of love divine;
Swifter than torrent, tempest, light,
  I fly to my serene abode,
And on the last and holiest height,
  Find rest and joy in God.

ANONYMOUS.

9

"*Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.*"

THOU, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know Thine own—
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
  Save, oh! save.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

From the world's temptations,
From tribulations,
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish,
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,
Save, oh! save.

When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore,
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh! save.

O let the false dream fly,
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually!

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

O where Thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb,
Let all words be mild,
All strifes be reconciled,
All pains beguiled!
Light brings no blindness,
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing!
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh! save.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

10

"We will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

HE standeth knocking at the door:—
"O Lord! how long? how long?
Weeping, Thy patience I adore,
And yet the bars are strong:
Lord, draw them for me, for my hand is weak,
The night is chill. Enter Thou till the streak
Of ruddy morning flush the day's young cheek!"

He standeth knocking, knocking still;
"Sweet, pleading voice, I hear,"
The mist is rolling from the hill,
The fourth slow watch is near:

Through the small lattice I beheld His face,
In the cold starlight, full of pitying grace,
Yet—how to guest Him in so mean a place?

He standeth knocking, knocking loud!
Yes! for the timbers creak:
Eastward there low'rs an angry cloud;
"Sweet Saviour, hear me speak;
Oh, bide not there to feel the drenching rain!
I bid Thee welcome; but in grief and pain
Tell Thee, my strength against these bars is vain."

He standeth knocking, knocking faint;
"Blest Saviour, leave me not;
But let me tell Thee my complaint,
The misery of my lot,
And let me sweep the floor Thy feet must press,
Deck myself royally for Thy caress,
Make myself worthy, ere Thou stoop to bless!"

He standeth knocking, knocking still;
"Lord, help me in my doubt,
Must I put forth this feeble will
To draw Thee from without?
Then help my weakness." Hear each stern bar give,
The door flies backward: He but whispers "Live!"
While on His patient breast I, weeping, plead
"Forgive!"

Author of
"THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS."

11

"I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

FATHER, now the day is over,
As the sun sinks in the west,
Ere the night creep slowly round me,
Ere soft slumber be my guest,
Let me bless Thee that to-day
Thou, my God, hast been my stay.

Lord, I need no earthly temple,
For, where I Thy love have found,
All Thy humblest creatures teach me
Where I am is holy ground:
Lord, I need no holier place
Than where I Thy love can trace.

For the birds and flowers I thank Thee,
For each song and perfume sweet,
For the faith that dare address Thee,
For the love that may Thee greet;
Most, that I for every gift,
May my soul to Thee uplift.

For the love of friends I bless Thee,
Who to-day my joy have shared,
Whose true hearts, spread out before me,
Have Thy love to me declared;
For each thought of truth and love
They have echoed from above.

For the mystic bond which binds us
  Each to each, and all to Thee,
And with all the past entwines us,
  In the world's long harmony;
For each striving human soul
Which is part of Thy great whole.

For each gift Thou hast withholden
  From my foolish grasping hand,
For each pang which quick has chidden
  Every breach of Thy command,
For the weariness and pain
Which Thou hast not sent in vain.

Pour Thy Spirit, Lord, upon me,
  Guard me in unconscious sleep;
Be Thy Spirit ever with me
  While death-slumbers o'er me creep;
And, my life's long journey past,
I am safe with Thee at last!

E. B.

12

"*He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*"

THY way is best, my Father,
  Though full of pain and care;
Thy will is right, my Father,
  However hard to bear.

Thy path is best, my Father,
  Though far apart from mine;
Thy judgments, O my Father,
  With truth and mercy shine.

Thy gifts are best, my Father,
  Though not the gifts I'd choose;
Thy choice is right, my Father,
  Whether I gain or lose.
Thy word is good, my Father,
  That bids me live or die;
And I am blest, my Father,
  In bowing silently.

Thy thoughts are deep, my Father,
  Thy love is calm and wise;
My future life, my Father,
  Unveiled before Thee lies.
Thy time is best, my Father,
  Thy purpose to fulfil;
O give me strength, my Father,
  To bow me to Thy will.

CHARITIE LEES BANCROFT.

13

"Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto life's end."

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
  Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
  Going on before.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Christ the royal master
  Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
  See His banners go!
    Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

At the sign of triumph
  Satan's host doth flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers,
  On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
  At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
  Loud your anthems raise.
    Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army,
  Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
  Where the Saints have trod.
We are not divided,
  All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
  One in charity.
    Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
  Constant will remain:

Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail.
    Onward, &c.

Onward then, ye people,
  Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
  In the triumph song:
"Glory, laud, and honour,
  Unto Christ the King:"
This through countless ages
  Men and angels sing.
    Onward, &c.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

14

"In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
  Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
  Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
  Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
  Stepping fearless through the night.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

One the light of God's own presence
  O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
  Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,
  One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
  One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands
  Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
  One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing
  On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
  Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
  Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
  Till we rest beneath its shade.

Trans. by S. BARING-GOULD,
from B. S. INGEMANN.

15

"*For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*"

LORD, it belongs not to my care
  Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
  And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
  That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
  To welcome endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
  Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
  Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
  Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
  What will Thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
  And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
  That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
  The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
  And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

16

" Praise Him in the firmament of His power."

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Sun and noon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored ;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared !
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

17

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

LORD of might and Lord of glory,
Humbly do I bow before Thee;
With my whole heart I adore Thee,
Great Lord;
Listen to my cry, O Lord.

Passions proud and fierce have ruled me,
Fancies light and vain have fooled me,
But Thy training stern hath schooled me;
Now, Lord,
Take me for Thy child, O Lord.

Groping dim and bending lowly,
Mortal vision catcheth slowly
Glimpses of the pure and holy;
Now, Lord,
Open Thou mine eyes, O Lord.

In the deed that no man knoweth,
Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
Where he may not reap who soweth,
There, Lord,
Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord.

In His name, who, meek and lowly,
Died to make poor sinners holy,
Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly,
Great Lord,
Guide me by Thy truth, O Lord.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

18

" He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."

O FOR a heart from self set free,
  And doubt, and fret, and care,
Light as a bird, instinct with glee,
  That fans the breezy air !

O for a mind whose virtue moulds
  All sensuous fair display,
And, like a strong commander, holds
  A world of thoughts in sway !

O for an eye that's clear to see,
  A hand that waits on Fate,
To pluck the ripe fruit from the tree,
  And never comes too late !

O for a life with firm-set root,
  And breadth of leafy green,
And flush of blooming wealth, and fruit
  That glows with mellow sheen !

O for a death from sharp alarms
  And bitter memories free :
A gentle death in God's own arms,
  Whose dear Son died for me !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

19

"O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives;
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above,
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depth of human love;

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness,
Of our pulses flowing free;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee;
But, above all other kindness,
Thine unutterable love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

Teach us so our days to number,
That we may be early wise;
Dreamy mist, or cloud of slumber,
Never dull our heavenward eyes;
Hearty be our work, and willing,
As to Thee, and not to men,
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in heaven;—not till then.

T. W. JEX-BLAKE.

20

" So our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that He have mercy upon us."

To mercy, pity, peace, and love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For mercy, pity, peace, and love,
Is God our Father dear;
And mercy, pity, peace, and love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love Mercy, Pity, Peace.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

21

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

SOFTLY the silent night
  Falleth from God,
On weary wanderers
  Over life's road;
And as the stars on high
Light up the darkening sky,
Lord, unto Thee we cry,—
    Father above!

Slowly on failing wing
  Daylight has passed;
Sleep, like an angel kind,
  Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by Thine angels bright,
    Father above!

And when the gleam of morn
  Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
  Bids us arise,
Happy beneath Thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve Thee still,
    Father above!

A. N. BLATCHFORD.

22

"The work of our hands, establish Thou it."

THOU God of glory, truth, and love,
Lord over all beneath, above!
Our thoughts and hearts to Thee we raise,
And with our lips proclaim Thy praise

Creation rose at Thy command,
The seas, the floods, the solid land:
And at Thy wisdom's high behest,
In beauteous robes Thy works were drest.

Thy goodness doth to men impart
The fount of every useful art,
The skilful hand, the inventive thought,
By which new forms of grace are wrought.

Behold, O Lord, before Thee stand
Our works of thought, of heart, and hand,—
We humbly bring them to Thy throne,
And render back with joy Thine own.

With raptured seraphim on high,
Thy Name who laud and magnify,
Thrice Holy! at Thy footstool we
Adore, and yield ourselves to Thee.

EDWARD BOADEN.

23

"And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

HORATIUS BONAR.

24

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

Go labour on; spend, and be spent,
  Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
  Should not the servant tread it still?

Go labour on; 'tis not for nought,
  Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
  The Master praises; what are men?

Go labour on, while it is day,
  The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
  It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side
  Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
  The torch that lights Time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
  Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
  Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:
  For toil comes rest, for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
  The midnight peal, Behold I come!

HORATIUS BONAR.

25

"Son, thou art ever with me."

NOT in the silence only,
  Nor in the solitude,
Let my thoughts rise to Thee in praise,
  My God, so great, so good.

But 'mid the din and noise
  Of city conflict rude;
In crowded street, where daily pours
  The hurrying multitude.

Not on the mountain only,
  Or by the lonely sea,
Or in the forest's quiet shade
  Let my soul rise to Thee.

But in the hum of men,
  Amid the market-crowd,
The press of mammon-worshippers
  With voices fierce and loud.

Not in the morning only,
  Or midnight calm and still,
When the tired day-breeze lies at rest
  On the fir-shaded hill.

But all the bustling day,
  'Mid toil and weariness,
Hour crowding upon troubled hour,
  Like waves that never cease.

Not on the Sabbath only,
  In the dear house of prayer,
Where earthly din cannot intrude,
  And only God is there.

But all week long, in spite
  Of care and vanity;
That thus, even in the crowd, I may
  Be still alone with Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR.

26

"*It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.*"

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
  However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
  Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
  It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
  Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
  I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
  So shall I walk aright.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

The kingdom that I seek
  Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
  Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
  With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
  Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friend,
  My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
  My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
  In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
  My Wisdom, and my all.

HORATIUS BONAR.

27

"*Then hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart Thou knowest.*"

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
  To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
  All their load on Thee;

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

When the troubled, seeking peace,
  On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
  At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
  All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
  And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
  Bows the suppliant knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
    Hear then, in love, &c.

When the man of toil and care
  In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
  Names the Name of God;
When the learned and the high,
  Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name:
    Hear then, in love, &c.

HORATIUS BONAR.

28

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

COME, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
"Go, work to-day?"

Come, labour on:
The labourers are few, the field is wide;
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied:
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is "Come."

Come, labour on:
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbereth not.

Come, labour on:
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear,
No arm so weak, but may do service here;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labour on:
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on :
The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure ;
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee !

JANE BORTHWICK and
MRS. ERIC FINDLATER.

29

" My times are in Thy hand."

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed ;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet : Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the present, each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear ;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest, Lord ?

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne
And follow on to know as we are known.

JANE BORTHWICK and
MRS. ERIC FINDLATER.

30

"Whoso findeth Me findeth life."

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear,
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou, Who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

Far as this earth may be
From yonder starry skies,
Remoter still am I from Thee;
Yet Thou wilt not despise.

I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

ANNE BRONTË.

31

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness."

DESCEND, O God, to animate—inspire—
Warm with Thy breath of love this sentient frame,
Till "all that is within me," touched by fire,
Shall wake to praise Thy name.

Give *Grief* her mournful harp, that she may
Its chords to sound her sense of errors pas
Give *Joy* its clashing bells, and let them swir
Their sweetness on the blast.

Give *Faith* a lark-like song, still warbling hig
Up-soaring from her sod through fields of
And *Love*, a tenderer note, with strength to i
Each struggler on his way.

Let *Memory's* flute, with its rich dying fall,
Bring back angelic visits long gone by;
And give to *Hope* its thrilling bugle call,
Up-echoing to the sky.

Seize on our *Fancy*, make it all Thine own,
Till like some organ pealing high and wide
Each sounding stop, and swell, and dulcet to
To Thee be sanctified.

On earth's dark suffering pour Thy healing b
May the heart sing, albeit the flesh may gr
Taking the Master's Prayer for its sweet psalr
"Father, Thy will be done."

32

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

"LAUNCH out a little" from this land
  Of doubt and fear and dust,
Nor anchor on the barren sand
  Thy undying spirit's trust.
This world is not thy rest or stay,
Its rocks and shoals impede thy way.

Launch out still further from this land
  To thy fond heart so dear—
Though smoothly shines the glittering strand,
  Yet Jesus is not here.
Go seek Him on the boundless deep,
Though waves be high and tempests sweep.

Not always rough the waters prove,
  Not always rude the wind—
An ark of safety in His love
  Thy trusting soul will find—
His breath will still the water's foam,
His word of love will light thee home.

Launch out, launch out then from the land
  Into the deep bright sea—
And seek by faith that golden strand
  Where Jesus waits for thee;
There cast thy anchor—furl thy sail—
Thy home is gained, within the veil.

RICHARD SINCLAIR BROOKE.

33

"Peace, be still . . . . and there was a great calm."

WHEN through Beersheba's desert wide
  Elijah's flying footsteps roved,
Till Horeb's holy mount supplied
  A refuge to the Lord's beloved;
In jealous grief, in fear, dismay—
  Lone through the cave the prophet trod,
Till warned—he left his rocky stay
  And stood upon the mount of God.

And the fierce rending tempest came,
  And bowed the hills, and broke the rocks—
The broad red lightning's flashing flame,
  And the strong earthquake's stormy shocks.
Yet still *Thou* wert not there, O Lord!
  Till soft in gentle summons came
Thy still small voice to him who heard,
  And robed his face with awe and shame.

And thus when worldly pomp is gone
  At winter's blast, and pride and power—
Those frail faint reeds we leant upon,
  Have perished in that stormy hour;
And time's deep shocks have come to grieve
  And passion's brilliant joys we find
Have flashed like lightnings, but to leave
  A scathed or sorrowing heart behind.

Oh! then Thy still small voice will roll,
  Like the sweet gush of summer rill,
Its blessed music o'er the soul,
  And bid its troubled waves be still:
And the cold heart that would not wake
  'Neath all this dark world's stormy care,
That softening voice alone can make
  To feel Thy grace, and turn it there!

RICHARD SINCLAIR BROOKE.

34

"Uphold me with Thy free spirit."

ALL-LOVING Father, unto whom
  Is known my weakness, whom I trust;
Thou who rememb'rest, when I fail,
  That I am kindred to the dust—
Give to my thought the torrent's speed,
  The eagle's wing, the flash of light,
That it may fly, and reach Thy love,
  Beyond these realms of night.

Where shall I find Thee? Shall my thought
  For ever climb, for ever tire?
Where art Thou? for I am outworn;
  Hear me, my God, my deep Desire!
The weary torrent gains the sea,
  The eagle drops into her nest,
The lightnings sleep at last; O Lord,
  Let me, too, find my rest.

My prayer hath pierced to God—His life,
  His holy power is all mine own ;
Into the ocean of His love
  The torrent of my thought has flown !
The eagle's wing had failed, but I
  Have soared to my serene abode ;
Behind me was the lightning left,
  As I fled home to God.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

35

" Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man."

OFT as in a vernal woodland,
  When the western spirits blow,
We may hear the flowers unfolding,
  And the grass and forest grow ;
So when in my house I ponder,
  And at eve the land is still,
Lord of all, I seem to listen
  To the working of Thy will.

Like a mighty river streaming,
  Peaceful with the night and stars,
Underneath our stormy passions,
  Under all our foolish wars,
Age by age it makes our tumult
  Into harmony and strength ;
Bearing all our death and failure
  To creative life at length.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Lord, when sin and strife and trouble
  Toss me like a breaking wave,
When the passions and their craving
  Seek me for their restless slave,
When the folly or the sorrow
  Or the pain of man is loud,
When the tyrants, wealth and pleasure,
  Urge along the foolish crowd—

Then, Almighty Father, grant me
  On that quiet stream to move,
Where Thy Will, in vast procession,
  Flows in all-creating Love!
Trouble then, and doubt and sorrow
  Fear for mankind cannot be,
Nor the noises of the nations
  Touch me, sailing there with Thee.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

36

"*In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.*"

SOFT are the dews of God that bless
  The sleeping, moonlit world;
Silent the tide whose mighty stress
  Around the earth is whirled.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold
And still the evening's place;
No cry is heard as earth is rolled
Amid the vast of space.

So quietly Thy spirit grows
In man from hour to hour;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.

Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep, unuttered voice;
To work in silence, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

STOPFORD A. BR

7

"Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an e:
that ye should follow His steps."

WHEN the Lord of Love was here,

Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
  All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were His ways,
From His loving grew His praise,
  From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
  To enjoy His care.

When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
  Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of Man did move,
  God had His abode.

Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
  And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
  To our God above.

Fill us with Thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
  With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
  From the fret and strife.

And when in the fields and woods
We are filled with nature's moods,
  May the grace be given
With Thy faithful heart to say,
"All I see and feel to-day,
  Is my Father's Heaven."

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

38

"*Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.*"

I YIELD myself to Thee
  With all my hopes and fears,
With all my wish to see
  The tale of coming years.

O Father of all strength,
  Take my tired heart in Thine,
And let me feel at length
  The rest that should be mine.

Give Thou a quiet mind
  My daily work to do,
To leave the Past behind,
  With Thee the Future too.

Lord, be it unforgot
  How many days and years,
Through Thy dear love, my lot
  Was better than my fears.

As then it was, so now
  Again it all may be,
I dare not doubt that Thou
  Wilt undertake for me.

I cast my fears aside,
  This life is none of mine,
It rests with Thee—my Guide,
  I lay my hand in Thine.

Give Thou a spirit wise,
  A judgment calm and true,
In all that may arise
  Thy blessed will to do.

Remove too anxious care
  What human tongues may say,
Give kindness to forbear
  And firmness to obey.

If aught I must endure
  Whatever pain it be,
I know Thy hand can cure,
  I yield myself to Thee.

J. E. A. Brown.

In the Temple One is waiting
  All our offerings to bless;
Bring thy turtle doves, low cooir
  Thoughts of love and gentlene

Turn aside unto God's altar,
  Lay thy earthly gladness there
Oh, kneel down, if but a momen
  And be thankful in thy prayer.

Of thy many daily pleasures
  Give this pleasure to thy Lord,
Let Him see the dull brow lighte
  Let Him hear a grateful word.

For the heart must bring its treas
  And the Lord of Love will bles
He will purify thy silver
  To a gift of righteousness.

The free mansion of thy spirit
  With His Presence He will kee

As each dusky evening neareth,
  Light thy votive lamp once more,
He will give thee oil of olives
  From the sacred altar store.

So thy home shall have no darkness
  Though the outer light be dim,
And the smallest thing grows holy
  Which is offered unto Him.

J. E. A. BROWN.

40

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

IT needs no ladder to the sky,
  Which stretches yonder, blue and fair;
No weary pathway winding high,
  Lift up your heart, and you are there.

It needs no solemn temple gate
  To lead you to your Saviour near;
No lengthened hours He bids you wait,
  Lift up your heart, and He is here.

The anxious turmoil of the week
  May hold you with unwilling ear,
For all the conflict you can speak,
  For all the tumult He can hear.

These earthly footpaths cold ar
There's sunshine on the hills of C
And hope and healing always t

Soar gladly up—nor think to tire,
For—once your wings have fou
No need to spur a faint desire,
Your only wish will be to stay.

Your only prayer—Oh, hold my l
Ascended Lord, and keep me h
For I have found a heavenly land,
Have found my Lord and lost i
J.]

41

"That which I see not teach Thou n

LORD! I acknowledge Thee in this
Although I cannot see Thee! It
The glory of Thy face would daz

In tender mercy dost Thou visit me
  At evening, when Thy gentle dew descends :
  Sometimes, in loving voices of my friends ;
Sometimes, in visions of eternity.

I could not climb the mountains of Thy love
  But in the valleys do Thy rivers flow ;
  The bitter herbs beside those waters grow,
And lo ! they teem with sweetness from above.

Hold Thou my hand, my Father, I am weak ;
  Hush me to sleep, for I am sore afraid :
  Yet, as Thy child, I should be undismayed ;
For in the silence I should hear Thee speak !

I will not trust my thoughts, which trouble me ;
  I will not answer all that they would say ;
  I cast my cares and my regrets away,
And leave my spirit all alone with Thee !

J. E. A. BROWN.

42

" Nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

LORD ! teach us how to pray ! Thy Spirit give.
  In weakness and in strength we ask the same,
  Lest lips impure pollute Thy holy name ;
  Lest hands unhallowed steal Thy altar flame.
Oh ! hear us, in Thy love, and bid us live.

Live—not that life whose beauty is decay,
  Because its blossom has a root of death;
  But by the constant breathing of Thy breath,
  By feeding on the food which nourisheth
The human spirit for Eternity.

Where shall we seek it, but before Thy throne?
  How shall we ask it, but in words of Thine?
  Give us the faith which Thou canst give alone;
  Soften the harshness of the earthly tone,
And then accept Thy prayer, O Love Divine!

J. E. A. BROWN.

43

"Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

TAKE from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for Thee,
Whose days eternally go on!

For us,—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Whatever's lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.

And having in Thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops his pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling—so I. Thy days go on.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

44

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

The light of smiles shall fill again
  The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
  Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest,
  For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
  But joy shall come with early light.

For God has marked each sorrowing hour
  And numbered every secret tear;
And Heaven's long age of love and power
  Grows out of all we suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

45

"I have loved Thee with an everlasting love."

MY God, I love Thee for Thyself,
  All creature things above,—
Thy glorious works, Thy blessèd gifts
  I praise;—but Thee I love.

My God, I seek Thee for Thyself,—
  Besides, I ask not aught;
If Thee, Thyself I do not find,
  All that I find is naught.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

If Thou deniest me Thyself,
  Whate'er Thou givest me,
Empty and void, I languish still,
  And grieve unceasingly.

Give me to find, O gracious God,
  Thee, as my final end :—
To Thee in constancy of love
  Eternally to tend.

GEORGE BURDEN BUBIER.

46

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!"

BLESSED are the pure in heart,
They have learned the angel-art,
While on earth in heaven to be,
God, by sense unseen, to see.

Cleansed from sin's offensive stain,
Fellowship with Him they gain;
Nearness, likeness to their Lord,
Their exceeding great reward.

Worshipping in spirit now,
In His inner court they bow,
Bow before the brightening vail,
God's own radiance through it hail.

Serious, simple of intent,
Teachably intelligent,
Rapt, they search the written word,
Till His very voice is heard.

In creation Him they own,
Meet Him in its haunts, alone;
Most amidst its Sabbath calm,
Morning light and evening balm.

Him they still through busier life,
Trust in pain and care and strife;
These like clouds o'er noontide blaze,
Temper, not conceal his rays.

Hallowed thus their every breath,
Dying they shall not "see death;"
With the Lord in Paradise,
Till, like His, their bodies rise.

Nearer than the seraphim
In their flesh shall saints see Him,
With the Father, in the Son,
Through the Spirit, ever one!

WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

47

"He that walketh in darkness and hath no light; let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

O DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
  Is found in joy alone;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
  Hath blessings all its own:
From lips divine, like healing balm,
  To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
  "Blessed are they that mourn!"

As blossoms smitten by the rain,
  Their sweetest odours yield,
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes
  Rich harvests crown the field;
So to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
  A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trial furrowed, bears
  The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourned, hath never known,
  What treasure grief reveals,
The sympathies that humanise,
  The tenderness that heals,
The power to look within the veil,
  And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
  So dark to us before.

How rich, and sweet, and full of strength,
  Our human spirits are,
Baptised into the sanctities
  Of suffering and of prayer;
Supernal wisdom, love divine,
  Breathed through the lips which said
"Oh, blessed are the souls that mourn,
  They shall be comforted."

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

48

"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
  And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
    Still will we trust in God.

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
  And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain,
Through Him alone, Who hath our way appointed,
    We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
  Cheat us of good Thou hast for us designed;
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,
    And we are fools and blind.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss:
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

49

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

WE ask not that our path be always bright,
But for Thine aid to walk therein aright;
That Thou, O Lord! through all its devious way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust Thy guidance still,
And do Thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields when rightly understood;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns to raise
Of thankfulness and praise.

Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply;
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye;
Nor vainly from the depths on Thee we call;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and prayer,
Saints won the starry crowns which now they wear,
And by the bitter ministry of pain,
Grievous and harsh, but oh! not felt in vain,
Found their eternal gain.

If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,
Till, victors over each besetting sin,
We, too, Thy perfect peace shall enter in,
And crowns of glory win.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

50

"I said, 'Thou shalt call Me, My father.'"

STILL with Thee, O my God!
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad
I would be still with Thee.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where Time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose:
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

51

"Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, &c.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food ;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, &c.

CLAUDIUS,
Trans. by JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL.

52

" *So He giveth His beloved sleep.*"

HOLD Thou my hands!
In joy and grief, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me *feel* that Thou art near ;
Hold Thou my hands!

If faith grow weak,
If ere by doubts and dreams depressed,
I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold Thou my hands!

Hold Thou my hands—
These passionate hands so quick to smite,
These hands too eager for delight,—
Hold Thou my hands!

And when, at length,
With eyes grown dark and fingers cold
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands!

WILLIAM CANTON.

53

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

S. BERNARD, Abbot of Clairvaux.
Trans. by EDWARD CASWALL.

54

"Nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His Will be done,
  Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
  In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
  Not I, but He,
In all His power and love
  Henceforth alive in me.

From the Latin, trans. by
EDWARD CASWALL.

55

"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us."

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
  Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
  Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
  The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
  Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
  One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
  One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free,
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,—
  Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine.
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
  We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

56

"They shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them."

MASTER, where abidest Thou?
  Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek;
For the wants which press us now
  Other aid is still too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away?
  May we find repose in Thee?
From the gracious lips to-day,
  As of old, breathes, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
  We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
  Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
  The transforming look to Thee;
From the living truth once more
  Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
  How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
  Stamp in love upon our breast?
Still a look is all our might:
  Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the absorbing sight
  With the message, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
  All the springs of life are low;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
  And we wait Thy call to go;
From the depths of happy rest,
  Where the just abide with Thee:
From the voice which makes them blest
  Comes the summons, "Come and see."

Christian! tell it to thy brother,
From life's dawning till its end;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend;
Till the veil is drawn aside,
And from where her home shall be,
Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant "Come and see."

From "Songs New and Old." By MRS. RUNDLE CHARLES, *Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family."*

57

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

NEVER further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus our sins we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin which laid the cross on Thee,
Love which bore the cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty
  And our service here unite;
Captives by Thy cross set free,
  Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

Pressing onwards as we can,
  Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
  There our last aspirings end.

Till amid the hosts of light,
  We in Thee redeemed complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
  Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

From "Songs New and Old." By MRS. RUNDLE CHARLES, *Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family."*

58

"I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
  Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
  Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
  The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
  But what the Eternal acts is right.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain,
  Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
  For God created all to bless.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
  Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
  Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

59

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

AT first I prayed for Light:
  Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
  To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:—
  That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
  The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:—
  Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
  Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love:
  Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
  However dark His plan;—

And Light and Strength and Faith
  Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
  I prayed the larger prayer.

MRS. E. D. CHENEY.

60

"Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
  Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
    Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
  Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,
    My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
  Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart;
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
    Can see Thee as Thou art?—

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
  In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
    In ways unworthy Thee.

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
  In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live,
    Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
  Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
    In recognition start.

But, as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear
  The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
    Approach Thee morn and night.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

61

"Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

O THOU whose image in the shrine
Of human spirits dwells divine;
Which from that precinct once conveyed,
To be to outer day displayed,

Doth vanish, part, and leave behind
Mere blank and void of empty mind,
Which wilful fancy seeks in vain
With casual shapes to fill again!

O Thou that in our bosom's shrine
Dost dwell, unknown because divine!
I thought to speak, I thought to say,
"The light is here," "behold the way,"
"The voice was thus," and "thus the word,"
And "thus I saw," and "that I heard,"—
But from the lips that half essayed
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
I will not frame one thought of what
Thou mayest either be or not.
I will not prate of "thus" and "so,'
And be profane with "yes" and "no,'
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoe'er Thou mayest be, art.

Unseen, secure in that high shrine
Acknowledged present and divine,
I will not ask some upper air,
Some future day to place Thee there;
Nor say, nor yet deny, such men
And women saw Thee thus and then:
Thy name was such, and there or here
To him or her Thou didst appear.

Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
Unknown or known, remain, divine;
There, or if not, at least in eyes
That scan the fact that round them lies,
The hand to sway, the judgment guide,
In sight and sense Thyself divide:
Be Thou but there,—in soul and heart,
I will not ask to feel Thou art.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

62

"O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

WHEN the enemy is near thee,
Call on us!
In our hands we will upbear thee,
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee,
Call on us!
Call when all good friends have left thee,
Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee;
Call when hope and heart are sinking,
And the brain is sick with thinking,
Help, O help!
Call, and following close behind thee
There shall haste, and there shall find thee,
Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,
When necessity seems on thee,
Hope and choice have all foregone thee,
Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
And but one way stands before thee—
Call on us!
Oh, and if thou dost not call,
Be but faithful, that is all.
Go right on, and close behind thee
There shall follow still and find thee,
Help, sure help.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

63

"Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.
Wouldst thou ask, why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon some Cross of pain or woe
God's Son may lie.
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
It's Calvary.

Yet we must crave neither for joy nor grief,
God chooses best.
He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
And gives us rest.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

More than our feeble souls can ever pine
For holiness,
That Father in His tenderness divine
Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain.
Our Gratitude the sunlight falls to move ;
Our Faith, the rain.

In His hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire.
Above, around, beside us there is One
Will never tire.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie
Our lips in dust?
God's Arm will lift us up to victory.
In Him we trust!

For neither Life nor Death nor things below
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
From His great Love.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

64

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

YE fair green hills of Galilee,
  That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
  When He who conquered sin and death
Your flow'ry slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

We saw no glory crown His head
  As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped,
  He wrought no sign. But meekness, truth,
And duty marked each step He trod;
And love to man, and love to God.

Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
  Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
  Let me on earth Thy likeness wear:
Mine be the path Thy feet have trod:
Duty and love to man and God.

E. R. CONDER.

65

"But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."

SOMETIMES a light surprises
  The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
  With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
  He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
  To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
  We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
  And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
  We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
  Bring with it what it may;

It can bring with it nothing
  But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
  Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
  No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
  Will give His children bread.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
  Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
  Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
  His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
  I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

66

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

HOLY Lord Jesus, Thou wilt search till Thou find
This lost piece of silver,—this treasure enshrined
In a casket or bosom, once of such store;
Now lying under the dust of Thy floor.

Gentle Lord Jesus, Thou wilt move through the room—
So empty—so desolate! and light up its gloom:
The lost piece of silver that no man can see,
Merciful Jesus! is beheld clear by Thee.

Defaced and degraded, trampled in the dust,
Its superscription Thou knowest still, we trust:
And Thou wilt uplift it and make it re-shine,
For it *was* silver—pure silver of Thine.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Loving Lord Jesus, Thou wilt come through the dark,
When men are all sleeping, and no eye can mark;
Though "clean forgotten like a dead man out of mind,"
This lost piece of silver Thou wilt search for—*and find.*

DINAH M. CRAIK.

67

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent."

O CHRIST, withdrawn in depths divine
  Beyond the reach of eye or ear,
  We seek Thee, and Thou art not near
To break the bread and bless the wine.

Oh could we but have seen Thee bless
  The little children one by one,
  We would have knelt at set of sun
And waited for the same caress.

But child-like now no longer—we
  Lift vacant hearts to vacant skies;
  We are undone indeed, whose eyes
Once saw the Lord they no more see.

We walk the lonely road at night
  Forlorn beneath our load of prayer
  Unanswered, and lo, everywhere
Fear mocks the promise of the light.

And still no Stranger-Guest draws nigh,
  We hear no foot behind us tread;
  Have we not seen Thee slain and dead,
And heard far-off, Thy dying cry?

O Thou, made near for evermore
  By life and death, we know Thee now;
  The burning heart, the spirit's glow
Are Thine, and wondering we adore.

Bless Thou the bread, nor vanish Thou!
  The day is past, the lilies droop:
  Beneath our heart's low doorway stoop,
And tarry, for we know Thee now!

W. J. DAWSON.

68

"Truly, my soul is silent unto God."

I COME to Thee not asking aught; I crave
  No gift of Thine, no grace;
Yet where the suppliants enter let me have
  Within Thy courts a place.

My hands, my heart contain no offering;
  Thy name I would not bless
With lips untouched by altar-fire; I bring
  Only my weariness.

These are the children, frequent in Thy home
  Grant, Lord, to each his share;
Then turn, and merely gaze on me, who come
  To lay my spirit bare.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

69

"I was made manifest unto them that asked not after Me."

I FOUND Thee in my heart, O Lord,
  As in some secret shrine;
I knelt, I waited for Thy word,
  I joyed to name Thee mine.

I feared to give myself away
  To that or this; beside
Thy altar on my face I lay,
  And in strong need I cried.

Those hours are past. Thou art not mine,
  And therefore I rejoice,
I wait within no holy shrine,
  I faint not for the voice.

In Thee we live; and every wind
  Of heaven is Thine; blown free
To west, to east, the God unshrined,
  Is still discovering me.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

70

"I, even I, am He that comforteth you."

NOTHING remains to say to Thee, O Lord,
I am confessed,
All my lips' empty crying Thou hast heard,
My unrest, my rest.
Why wait I any longer? Thou dost stay,
And therefore, Lord, I would not go away.

Let me be at Thy feet a little space,
Forget me here;
I will not touch Thy hand, nor seek Thy face,
Only be near,
And this hour let Thy nearness feed the heart,
And when Thou goest, I also will depart.

Then when Thou seekest Thy way, and I, mine,
Let the World be
Not wide and cold after this cherishing shrine
Illumed by Thee,
Nay, but worth worship, fair, a radiant star,
Tender and strong as Thy chief angels are.

Yet bid me not go forth: I cannot now
Take hold on joy,
Nor sing the swift, glad song, nor bind my brow;
Her wise employ
Be mine, the silent woman at Thy knee
In the low room in little Bethany.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

71

"Surely I have stilled and quieted my soul."

YET one more step—no flight
  The weary soul can bear—
Into a whiter light,
  Into a hush more rare.

Take me, I am all Thine,
  Thine now, not seeking Thee,—
Hid in the secret shrine,
  Lost in the shoreless sea.

Grant to the prostrate soul
  Prostration new and sweet,
Make weak the weak, control
  Thy creature at Thy feet.

Passive I lie: shine down,
  Pierce through the will with straight
Swift beams, one after one,
  Divide, disintegrate,

Free me from self,—resume
  My place, and be Thou there;
Yet also keep me. Come
  Thou Saviour and Thou Slayer!

EDWARD DOWDEN.

72

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

THE day Thou gavest, Lord! is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymn ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

JOHN ELLERTON.

73

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore;

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore!

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore!

When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Grant us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of Life! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore!

JOHN ELLERTON.

74

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Watch, as if on that alone
  Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
    Watch and pray.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

75

"I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple."

FATHER! the sweetest, dearest Name
  That men or angels know!
Fountain of Life, that had no fount
  From which itself could flow!

Thou comest not, Thou goest not;
  Thou wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
  By which we think of Thee.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord! I live,
  As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbegotten light
  Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

For Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
  All mother-like and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it
  Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
  As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with Thee,
  And be beguiled to love.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
  Thy children with Thy light,
Then showest us Thy face in heaven,
  When we can bear the sight.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

76

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
  O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
  Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
    Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
    Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
  "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
  The music of the Gospel leads us home.
    Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
    Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

77

"Great shall be the peace of Thy children."

O GOD! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
  Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
  The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and ever more,
  Should we Thy creatures bless,—
Most worshipful of attributes—
  Thine awful holiness.

There's not a craving in the mind
  Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
  Which Thou dost not fulfil.

All things that have been, all that are,
  All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
  Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon Thy power,
  Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
  Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
  Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee
  A Father all thine own?

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

78

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
  Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
  From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd,
  Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
  Come and gather round His feet?

There's a wideness in God's mercy
  Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
  Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
  Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
  Have such kindly judgment given.

There is grace enough for thousands
  Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
  In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
  Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

79

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

THERE is a Sabbath won for us,
  A Sabbath stored above,
A service of eternal calm,
  An altar-rite of love.

Yet set not in thy thoughts too far
  Our heaven and earth apart,
Lest thou shouldst wrong the heaven begun
  Already in thy heart.

Though heaven's above and earth's below
  Yet are they but one state,
And each the other with sweet skill
  Doth interpenetrate.

We own no gloomy ordinance,
  No weary Jewish day,
But weekly Easters, ever bright
  With pure domestic ray;

A feast of thought, a feast of sight,
  A feast of joyous sound,
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,
  From labour's wheel unbound.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

80

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

God and Father, great and holy,
  Fearing nought we come to Thee;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
  For Thy love has made us free;
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
  By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel-chorus,
  Thou art Love, and Love alone.

Father, Lord of bright creation,
  Holy, blest, eternal Son,
Spirit, source of inspiration,
  Glorious Godhead, Three in One,
With the notes that high-ascending,
  Breathe around the sapphire throne,
May Thy sons the song be blending,
  Thou art Love, and Love alone.

Though the world in flames should perish,
  Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Love of Thee our hearts should cherish;
  Thou to us be all in all:
And though heavens Thy name are praising,
  Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
Than the strain our hearts are raising,
  Thou art Love, and Love alone.

Frederic William Farrar.

81

"A little child shall lead them."

In the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground;
And, glimmering under the starlight,
The sheep lay white around.
When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And lo! from the heaven above,
An angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love:—
He sang that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease—
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, good-will and peace."

"To you, in the City of David,
A Saviour is born to-day!"
And, sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay.
Oh, never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men,
And the heavens themselves had never heard
A gladder choir till then.
For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease—
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth, good-will and peace."

And the shepherds came to the manger,
  And gazed on the Holy Child,
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
  The Virgin Mother smiled;
And the sky in the starlight silence
  Seemed full of the angel lay—
"To you, in the City of David,
  A Saviour is born to-day;"
    Oh, they sang—and I ween that never
    That carol on earth shall cease—
    "Glory to God in the highest,
      On earth goodwill and peace."

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR.

82

"God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all."

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; oh, how still
Is the working of His will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me Heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill!

WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

83

"They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."

IF you cannot on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet:
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
  As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
  Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
  While the multitudes go by;

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Oh! improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour
You can find it anywhere.

MRS. E. H. GATES.

84

"And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not."

WHEN the light of day is waning,
  When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
  Teach me to believe Thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
  When my faith is weak and cold;
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
  Draw me upwards as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,
  Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
  All my life a silent psalm.

Teach me to abide in patience
  All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
  Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find Thee in my sorrow,
  Nor forget Thee in my joy;
And from Thee my sunshine borrow,
  And by Thee my gloom destroy.

God of day, the dark dispelling,
  Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
  Lead me to my journey's end.

EDMUND M. GELDART.

85

"I count not myself to have apprehended."

PURER yet and purer
  I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
  Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
  God without a fear,
Patiently believing
  He will make all clear.

Calmer yet and calmer
  In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
  Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
  To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
  Heart and will and mind.

Higher yet and higher
  Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
  Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
  Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
  Sanctified and blest.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Swifter yet and swifter
  Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
  Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
  Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
  Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. VON GOETHE.

86

"The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
  Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
  And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
  Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will
  To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
  Blend all my soul with Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
  Glows with Thy fire divine.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

EDWIN HATCH.

87

"The angel of His presence saved them."

I DARED not hope that Thou would'st deign to come
And make this lowly heart of mine Thy home;
That Thou wouldst deign, O King of Kings, to be
E'en for one hour a sojourner in me:
Yet art Thou always here to help and bless,
And lift the load of my great sinfulness.

I dared not ever hope for such a Guide
To walk with me my faltering steps beside,
To help me when I fall, and, when I stray,
Constrain me gently to the better way:
Yet art Thou always at my side to be
A Counsellor and Comforter to me.

I do not always go where Thou dost lead,
I do not always Thy soft whispers heed;
I follow other lights, and, in my sin,
I vex with many a slight my Friend within:
Yet dost Thou not, though grieved, from me depart,
But guardest still Thy place within my heart.

EDWIN HATCH.

88

"He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."

O MASTER of my Soul,
  To Whom the lives of men
That floated once upon Thy breath
  Shall yet return again,

Give me the eyes to see,
  Give me the ears to hear,
Give me the spiritual sense
  To feel that Thou art near.

So when this earthly mist
  Fades in the azure sky,
My soul shall still be close to Thee,
  And in Thee cannot die.

EDWIN HATCH.

89

"We hoped that it was He which should redeem Israel."

THE way lies hence to Calvary:
  The mists hang low, the morn is dim:
We tread the path with weary feet,
  That we may go to bury Him.

He said that death to Him was life,
  And we believed He had not died :
But now we bear the winding-sheet,
  And lo ! the spear-wound in His side.

O Father ! if He be Thy Son
  Thou wilt awake Him though He sleep,
But give us grace to bide Thy will,
  And so our mourning vigil keep.

EDWIN HATCH.

90

" Shall Thy wonders be known in the dark ? and Thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness ? "

" FROM glory unto glory ! " Thank God that even here
The starry words are shining out, our heavenward way to cheer !
That e'en among the shadows the conquering brightness glows,
As ever from the nearing light intensest radiance glows.

" From glory unto glory ! " Shall the grand procession fail
When the darkling glass is shattered as we pass within the veil ?
Shall the joyous song of " Onward ! " at once for ever cease,
And the swelling music culminate in monotone of peace ?

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Shall the fuller life be sundered at the portal of its bliss,
From the principle of growth entwined with every nerve
of this?
Shall the holy law of progress be hopelessly repealed,
And the moment of releasing see our sum of glory sealed?

"From glory unto glory" of loveliness and light,
Of music and of rapture, of power and of sight;
"From glory unto glory" of knowledge and of love,
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

"From glory unto glory" that ever lies before,
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and more,
Still following where He leadeth, from shining field to
field,
Himself the goal of glory, Revealer and Revealed!

Then let our hearts be surely fixed where truest joys are
found,
And let our burning, loving praise, yet more and more
abound;
And gazing on the "things not seen" eternal in the skies,
"From glory unto glory" O Saviour let us rise!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

91

"No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky
and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER.

92

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the high ways to Zion."

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softening light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindly hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

93

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

94

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights."

THOU Gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold
As in the peaceful days of old.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;

The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres;

We thank Thee, Father! let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

95

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."

WE praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest:
But cannot school the heart to feel
When pains and tears are best.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

We praise Thee for the shining sun,
  For kind and gladsome ways:
Dear God! when shall we learn to sing
  Through weary nights and days?

We praise Thee when our path is plain
  And smooth beneath our feet;
But fain would welcome rougher roads
  And deem the bitter sweet.

Could we but once believe the prayer
  Our lips repeat in vain,
Then as of old we should "be still"
  And "walk with God" again.

Then every thorny crown of care
  Worn well in patience now,
Would grow a glorious diadem
  Upon the faithful brow:

And sorrow's face would be unveiled,
  And we at last should see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
  Her speech but echoes Thee.

J. PAGE HOPPS.

96

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance."

FATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. HOSMER.

97

"Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

Go not, my soul, in search of Him,
  Thou wilt not find Him there;
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
  Or heights of upper air.

For not in the far-off realms of space
  The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place,
  And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
  And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
  Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
  Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
  And with His glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company,
  Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee
  And show thee of His own.

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
  That God should condescend
To make thy heart His dwelling-place,
  And be thy daily Friend!

Then go not thou in search of Him,
  But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
  And thou shalt find Him there!

F. L. HOSMER.

98

"If any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not."

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
  For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
  The common, the divine!

Lo here! lo there! no more we cry,
  Dividing with our call
The mantle of Thy presence, Lord,
  That, seamless, covers all.

We turn from seeking Thee afar,
  And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
  The temples of Thy praise.

And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
  To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
  That feels Thee ever near!

And not the less shall hearts as pure,
  Nor less shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
  And all our life in Thee.

F. L. HOSMER.

99

"His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men."

O JESUS! Thou art standing
  Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
  To pass the threshold o'er;

O Jesus! Thou art knocking;
  And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
  And tears Thy face have marred.

O love that passeth knowledge,
  So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
  So fast to bar the gate!

O Lord! with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

W. WALSHAM

100

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, beh
alive for evermore."

AND didst Thou love the race that loved no
And didst Thou take to heaven a human
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvell
Art Thou his Kinsman now?

O God, O Kinsman loved, but not enough!
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways r
Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and Thin
By that one nature which

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the Guest adored she entertain;
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

JEAN INGELOW.

101

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelie
As more of heaven in each we see
Some softening gleam of love and p
Shall dawn on every cross and care

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy great love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN

102

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a l
unto my path."

THERE is a book, who runs may rea
Which heavenly truth imparts

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

The works of God, above, below,
  Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
  How God Himself is found.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
  Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
  Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
  Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
  Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
  And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
  And read Thee everywhere.

JOHN KEBLE.

103

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

CALM is the evening hour, O Lord with Thee,
  And ended now the toil of day gone by,
Within the calm we know the peace of God;
  And silent in Thy presence Lord we lie.

Lord with the waking dawn must calm depart
  Art Thou not with us through the heat of d
At evening only may we hear Thy voice?
  May we not feel Thee, be with Thee, alway

Oh we are weak and blind to question thus,
  The Peace of God we may not comprehend
It passeth all that man hath power to grasp;
  Help us, by faith, with toil, Thy calm to ble

So in Thy strength O Lord we shall work on,
  And though our day at times be turned to n
'Tis but that human vision cannot bear
  The glory of Thy cloudless noontide light.

And so this eve we rest content to know
  The peace that fills our hearts and minds is
But shall be ours;—Thy gift to us—until
  The noontide light reveals Thy Face divine.

AMY K

104

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations: for His merciful kindness is great toward us."

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore Him,
  Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
  Praise Him, all ye stars of light;
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
  Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws that never shall be broken,
  For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
  Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
  Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation!
  Hosts on high His powers proclaim,
Heaven and earth and all creation,
  Laud and magnify His name.

J. KEMPTHORNE.

105

"God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

WHEN for me the silent oar
  Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
  Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known,
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
  Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
  At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
  All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
  Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
  O'er the silent river:
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
  Bear me, Thou life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

LUCY LARCOM.

106

"Whom having not seen, ye love."

SAVIOUR! teach us, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
  Sweeter lesson cannot be,
  Loving Him who first loved me.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
  Learning how to love from Thee,
  Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
  Ever new that joy will be,
  Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
  Singing, till Thy face I see,
  Of His love who first loved me.

JANE E. LEESON.

107

"Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour,
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be,
Separate from sin, I would
Choose, and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

108

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

109

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."

O God, whose daylight leadeth down
  Into the sunless way,
Who with restoring sleep dost crown
  The labour of the day.

What I have done Lord make it clean
  With Thy forgiveness dear;
That so to-day what might have been,
  To-morrow may appear.

And when my thought is all astray,
  Yet think Thou on in me,
That with the new unsullied day
  My soul rise fresh and free.

Nor let me wander all in vain,
  Through dreams that mock or flee,
But even in visions of the brain,
  Go wandering toward Thee.

George MacDonald.

110

"For both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren."

O SON of Man, Thy name by choice,
  Our hope, our joy, our life,
Make us like Thee whose gentle voice
  Was never heard in strife.

Holy and harmless, undefiled,
  On earth Thou wert alone;
Come from the depths of heaven, a child,
  To make the lost Thine own.

To be a glory in our night,
  And bring us from above,
The way heaven's children live, all bright
  With self-forgetting love.

In all things like Thy brethren made,
  O teach us how to be
With meekness, gentleness, arrayed,
  In all things like to Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

III

"To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word."

OUR Father, hear our longing prayer,
  And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts which are Thy care,
  May live in us and grow.

For lowly hearts shall understand
  The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
  A pleasure in Thy sight.

Give us humility, that so
  Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go,
  We too may enter in.

Hear us, our Saviour, ours Thou art,
  Though we are not like Thee;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart
  Large, lowly, trusting, free.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

112

"He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve Me."

AGAIN the light of day has dawned,
And we our voices raise
To God, the Lord of earth and heaven,
In hymns of prayer and praise.

We ask Thee, Lord, to grant us strength,
More strength to do the right,
More courage to oppose the wrong,
More earnestness, more light.

We pray that we may never cease
To grow in truth and grace,
And weary not, until we see
The brightness of Thy face.

We value more than aught beside
The interest in our life;
We thank Thee for our sympathy
With others in the strife.

If all our work is bravely done,
And we are free from fear,
We shall behold the heavenly light
At last, with vision clear.

ADELAIDE G. MACGOWAN.

113

"Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

THOU hast a treasure in Thy heart, O Lord,
For me I know,
Yet must I labour long and earnestly
Like Thee to grow
Ere I can prize, or even find the gift
Thou wilt bestow.

Help me to read Thy message, know Thy voice
In earth, sky, sea:
As out of these Thy strong right hand hath wrought
A symphony,
Control my will, and make my nature pure
And set me free:—

Free from the fetters of a finite faith
That seeks to span
The infinite, whose feeble grasp would make
The Godhead man:
Free to fulfil the part Thou grantest me
In Thy great plan.

So shall I win a soul at last instinct
With might divine;
A life that in Thy universe shall mar
No thought of Thine
But radiant in the calm strong light of God
For ever shine.

BESSIE MACGOWAN.

114

"The greatest of these is charity."

FAITH and Hope and Charity,
Oh, that these might dwell with me,
Triad sweet and mystic three.

Faith, that in some secret place
Doth unbind the bonds of space,
And reveal the Father's face.

Hope, our pledge of future bliss,
Breath from other worlds than this,
Snatches of Heaven's harmonies.

Charity, most wished-for guest,
Fairer thou than all the rest,
God is Love—and Love is best.

Triad sweet and mystic three,
Come thrice welcome guests to me.
Faith and Hope and Charity.

L. G. McMILLAN.

115

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

LORD, who hast taught to us on earth
This lesson from above,
That all our works are nothing worth,
Unless they spring from love;

Send down Thy Spirit from on high,
  And pour in all our hearts
That precious gift of charity,
  Which peace and joy imparts:

The healing balm, the holy oil
  Which calms the waves of strife,
The drop which sweetens every toil,
  The breath of our new life.
Without this blessed bond of peace
  God counts the living dead:
O Heavenly Father, grant us this,
  Through Christ, the living Head.

Let all who love the Lord join hands
  To aid the common good,
And knit more close the sacred bands
  Of Christian brotherhood.
Make all Thy pastors one, O Lord,
  In heart, in mind, in speech,
That they may set forth Thy pure word,
  And live the life they preach.

Let all hold fast the truths whereby
  A Church must stand or fall;
In doubtful things grant liberty,
  Show charity in all.
Thus shall we to our sacred name
  Our title clearly prove,
While even our enemies exclaim,
  "See how these Christians love."

RICHARD MASSIE.

116

"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

DEAR Master, what can children do?
The angels came from heaven above
To comfort Thee: may children too
Give Thee their love?

No more, as on that night of shame,
Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,
Where, worshipping, an angel came
To strengthen Thee.

But Thou hast taught us that Thou art
Still present in the crowded street,
In every lonely, suffering heart
That there we meet.

And not one simple, loving deed,
That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,
Or answers some unspoken need,
Is done in vain;

Since every passing joy we make,
For men and women that we see,
If it is offered for Thy sake,
Is given to Thee.

O God, our Master, help us then
To bless the weary and the sad,
And, comforting our fellow-men,
To make Thee glad.

ANNIE MATHESON.

117

"Come ye yourselves apart . . . . and rest a while.

FROM fretful care and worldly strife,
From every low unworthy quest,
Amid the needful toil of life,
Lord, give us rest!

When coward love and envious fear
Have left us burdened and distressed,
Oh then, in pity, Lord, draw near
To give us rest!

When sore beset by hungry need,
And in the battle sorely pressed,
From base ambition, aimless greed,
Lord, give us rest!

When, faint and tired, we cannot see
The glorious visions of the blest,
Hold Thou us fast, keep us near Thee,
To give us rest.

When life seems cruel, death unkind,
And chill despair our only guest,
Yet lead us, poor and sick and blind,
Into Thy rest.

When darkness covers earthly things,
And heaven is sunless in the west,
Then gather us beneath Thy wings
To give us rest.

ANNIE MATHESON.

118

"For if that which passeth away was with glory, much more that which remaineth is in glory."

O THOU eternal Will of love—
  Who grievest at Thy children's tears,
  Yet, seeing further than the years,
A deeper deep, a height above,
A life nor time nor space can move,
Dost light unseen by shadows prove
  And with a rainbow veil the sun—
Across the deluge guide the dove!
Soul of our life and of our love,
    Thy will be done!

Years come and go and sweep away
  The landmarks that we strove to make;
  Through what they leave and what they take,
Build Thou the life that's more than they,
And make more beautiful each day
All we have built, now cold and grey
  As cobwebs in the darkness spun:
Breathe health into our work we pray:
Beyond the best we dream or say,
    Thy will be done!

We trust not for ourselves alone
  But for Thy boundless universe!—
  Evolve the better from the worse;
Wake fountains in the flinty stone;
From fields the cruel scythe has mown

Draw fragrance: when the swallow's flown
  And summer's past for every one,
By ripened harvest, slowly grown
From seed that patient hands have sown,
    Thy will be done!

Not only through heroic pain
  Divinely met and bravely borne,
  Not only by the crown of thorn,
The loss that touches highest gain,
The fires that vanquish every stain
Till purest loveliness remain;
  Not only by the battles won
Through deadly strife that seemed in vain,—
We pray not only in our pain,
    Thy will be done;

But in the hour of joy supreme,
  The gift of powers Thou dost control
  When lightnings flash and thunders roll,
The hour diviner than our dream,
  That heals our life and makes it whole,
  Do Thou Thy will from pole to pole,
  O Source of Joy, our Guide and Goal,
    Above the shadow still our Sun!
  In many a life's unlettered scroll,
  Through bliss of body and of soul,
    Thy will be done!

ANNIE MATHESON.

119

"The Lord will create . . . . a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for upon all the glory shall be a defence."

LEND me, O Lord, Thy softening cloud,
When sunshine makes a heaven below,
Lest in the desert I be proud,
Forgetful whence the sunbeams flow.

Lend me, O Lord, Thy fire divine,
When darkness hides Thee from my soul,
Lest in the desert I repine,
Forgetful whence the shadows roll.

Be Thou the shade on my right hand,
When in my strength I stand alone;
And when in night I lose the land,
Be Thou my star, my guiding One.

Cloud of the Cross, Light of the Crown,
With eve and morn my path beset;
Let pride on Calvary's steep lie down,
Let faith arise on Olivet.

Thy cloud that meets me in the day
Is but the shadow of Thy wing;
Concealing from my sight the way
That faith alone may homeward bring.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Thy fire that meets me in the night
  Is the full brightness of Thy face,
Revealing through my tears a light
  That leads me to Thy dwelling-place.

GEORGE MATHESON.

120

"Thy right hand hath holden me up, and Thy gentleness hath made me great."

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
  I rest my weary soul in Thee,
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
    May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
  I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
    May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
  I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain
And feel the promise is not vain,
    That morn shall tearless be.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

GEORGE MATHESON.

121

"The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

GLORY, glory to God in the highest!
Angels in chorus joyfully cry;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Trembling and weak our voices reply;
Fain would we echo their anthem above,
Fain would we sing to the Fountain of Love,
Glory to God in the highest!
What though but feebly our accents arise,
Deigning to hearken, He bends from the skies:
Glory to God in the highest!

Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Bright beaming stars of midnight proclaim;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Nature peals forth in praise to His name;

Warbles the woodland, and whispers the breeze,
Roar out the torrents and tempest-tossed seas,
    Glory to God in the highest!
Loud His creation still ceaseless prolongs
Praise to her Maker in all her glad songs:
    Glory to God in the highest!

Glory, glory to God in the highest!
    Joining the choir, our tribute we bring;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
    Mortals, break silence, gratefully sing;
Reigning in majesty thronèd above,
Yours is the royalest gift of His love:
    Glory to God in the highest!
Spread through creation, His grandeur we trace,
Only in man He revealeth His grace:
    Glory to God in the highest!

W. TIDD MATSON.

122

"I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!"

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive Death and conquered Sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain!
Then take, O God! Thy Power and reign.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

123

"*What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.*"

O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch and pray:
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

O Thou long expected, weary
  Waits my anxious soul for Thee
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
  Where Thy light I do not see:
    O my Saviour,
  When wilt Thou return to me?

Long, too long in sin and sadness,
  Far away from Thee I pine,
When, oh when, shall I the gladness
  Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
    O my Saviour,
  When shall I be wholly Thine?

Nearer is my soul's salvation,
  Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lonely station,
  Watching for Thee till I stand,
    O my Saviour,
  In Thy bright and promised land.

With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
  Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning,
  To restore me to my home:
    Come, my Saviour,
  O my Saviour, quickly come!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

124

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth."

OH! worship the Lord in beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay at His shrine.

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Oh! worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

125

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Arabia's desert ranger
  To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
  Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing;
For Him shall prayer unceasing
  And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
  A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
  He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
  All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
  His changeless name of Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

126

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

Sow in the morn thy seed,
  At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
  Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
  The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
  Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
  Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
  Go forth then everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
  The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious grains alive,
  When and wherever strewn.

And duly shall appear,
  In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
  And the full corn at length.

Thou can'st not toil in vain;
  Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
  For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
  The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
  And heaven cry "Harvest-home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

127

"Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him?"

THOU art, O God, the life and light
  Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
  Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
  Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE

128

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety:
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

Trans. by J. M. NEALE,
From "Stephen the Sabaite" (725–794).

129

"I am found of them that sought Me not."

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

130

" If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

In life's earnest morning,
  When our hope was high,
Came Thy voice in summons,
  Not to be put by:
Nor in toil nor sorrow,
  Weakness nor dismay,
Need we ever falter—
  Art not Thou our stay?

Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom,
  While we seek men's lore;
May the mind be humbled
  As we know Thee more;
Let the larger vision
  Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
  Holier zeal impart.

Should our faith be palsied
  By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
  Faithless, undevout,
Lord, in mercy lead us
  To our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters
  Plentiful and free.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Should Thy face be clouded
  To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
  Shine through Nature's light;
In the face of loved ones,
  Or the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father,
  To Thy children come.

Save us, Lord, from seeking
  Earth's unhallowed goals;
May our life-long passion
  Be the love of souls;
Let us live and labour,
  Father, in Thy sight,
Through the grace of Jesus,
  By the Spirit's might.

SHERMAN OAKLEY.

131

"*In your patience possess ye your souls.*"

ONLY a waste of waters,
  Only a tideless sea,
Which is not life, which is not death,
  But death in life to me.

Only the years on-coming
  Rolling their silent waves,
Over the bygone trouble,
  Over life's hidden graves.

Only a drear out-looking
  For a hope that is long delayed,
And a weariful prayer for patience,
  And a wish that may not be prayed.

Why am I ever watching?
  What can I ever see?—
Only a dove that is coming
  From a far-off land to me.

Only a branch it is bringing
  Which tells of a clearer day,
And bears me a promise of peace and life
  When the waters have passed away.

FRANCES MARY OWEN.

132

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."

WHAT is joy that we may taste it
  While the hours fleet so fast?
Time is joy unless we waste it
  In a joy that will not last.

Love is joy—when we bestow it
  On the highest and the best!
Love is joy and we shall know it
  When we love the Holiest.

Work is joy—when we are working
  For the love of God and man,
When no selfish thought is lurking
  In the life-work that we plan.

Life is joy—when God has given
  Light that we may truly see,
Life is joy when we have striven
  Ever to live faithfully.

Death is joy—when we are going
  To our Father's life above,
And a joy beyond our knowing
  Lies in Heaven's work and love.

FRANCES MARY OWEN.

133

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."

WHEN Thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before Thee here,

Feeling Thee, their Father, near;
  These Thy children, Lord, defend,
  To their help Thy Spirit send.

When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
  These Thy children, Lord, defend,
  To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride—
Lest they grow self-satisfied—
  These Thy children, Lord, defend,
  Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs,
  These Thy children, Lord, defend,
  Keep them faithful to the end.

Through life's conflict guard us all,
Or, if wounded, some should fall
Ere the victory be won;
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
  These Thy children, Lord, defend,
  And in death Thy comfort lend.

FRANCES MARY OWEN.

134

"That which ye have already hold fast till I come."

ONCE man with man, now God with God above us,
Loving us here, and after death to love us:
Enough is this for us, O Saviour dear,
When to Thine altar our faint feet draw near.

"Come unto Me all that are heavy laden,
I will refresh you: mine is love unfading:"
It is enough; we ask not where Thou art,
Present in space, or in the trustful heart.

So long since Thou wast here, that to our seeming
Thou art like some fair vision seen in dreaming:
With glare and glow and turmoil, sigh and shout,
The world rolls on, and seems to bar Thee out.

To reason'd doubt we yield ourselves resign'dly;
Yet in our path oft feel Thy presence blindly;
Life darkens into storm; joys change and flee;
Once more we wake, and find ourselves with Thee.

Behind the midday sky the stars are shining;
O shine out on us in our sun's declining:
With loved ones lost, and loved ones yet to quit,
Were this life all, we could not bear with it!

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

—Once man with man, now God with God above us,
Who lov'st us here, and after death wilt love us;
When to Thine altar our faint feet draw near,
It is enough for us if Thou art here.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

135

"I have called you friends."

THOU say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me:"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space—
Then might we follow Thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
  In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, Thyself restore
  And help to follow Thee!

If not as once thou cam'st
  In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
  That burns to follow Thee.

Within our heart of hearts
  In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:—
  Go, Lord: we follow Thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

136

"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
  The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
  Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
  Noble and right.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

I thank Thee too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

137

"O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldest Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?"

WHY dost Thou shade Thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of Thy soul-enlivening eye?

Thou art my life: if Thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: Thou art my way:
Without Thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

Thou art my way: I wander if Thou fly:
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life: if Thou withdraw, I die.

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life; on Thee my hopes rely:
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose Thy sunbeams, close Thy wings and stay,
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O Thou that art my Light, my Life, my Way.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

138

"The Lord, the Lord God . . . abundant in goodness and truth . . . and that will by no means clear the guilty."

ONE Lord there is, all lords above;
His name is Truth, His name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah! to wrong, what is His name?
This Lord is a consuming flame,
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies;
With things that harm, and things that hate;
And roam by night and miss the gate—

The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

WILLIAM B. RANDS.

139

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

GOD the Father! be Thou near,
  Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
  In the darkness be our light.

God the Saviour! be our peace,
  Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
  Turn our darkness into light.

Holy Spirit! deign to come!
  Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
  Turn our darkness into light.

Holy Trinity! be nigh!
  Mystery of love adored,
Help to live, and help to die,
  Lighten all our darkness, Lord!

GEORGE RAWSON.

140

"My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

WALKING with Thee, my God,
Saviour benign;
Daily confer on me
Converse divine:
Jesus, in Thee restored,
Brother and Holy Lord,
Let it be mine!

Walking with Thee, my God,
Like as a child
Leans on his father's strength,
Crossing the wild;
And by the way is taught
Lessons of holy thought,
Faith undefiled.

Darkness and earthly mists,
How do they flee,
Far underneath my feet,
Walking with Thee!
Pure is that upper air,
Cloudless the prospect there,
Walking with Thee.

E'en as a friend with frienc
Cheered to the journey's e
Walking with Thee.

Then Thy companions her
Walking with Thee,
Rise to a higher life,
Soul liberty.
They are not here to love,
But to the home above,
Taken by Thee.

Gently translated, they
Pass out of sight;
Gone! as the morning stars
Flee with the night:
Taken to endless day!—
So may I fade away
Into Thy light!

GEO

141

"He that believeth shall not make haste."

GRANT us such grace that we may work Thy Will,
And speak Thy words and walk before Thy Face,
Profound and calm like waters deep and still:
Grant us such grace.

Not hastening and not loitering in our pace
For gloomiest valley or for sultriest hill,
Content and fearless on our downward race.

As rivers seek a sea they cannot fill
But are themselves filled full in its embrace,
Absorbed, at rest, each river and each rill:
Grant us such grace.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

142

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."

How know I that it looms lovely that land I have never seen,
With morning-glories and heartease and unexampled green,
With neither heat nor cold in the balm-redolent air?
Some of this, not all, I know: but this is so:
Christ is there.

All souls singing, seeing, rejoicing every
Nay, much more than this I know : f
Christ is there.

O Lord Christ, Whom having not seen
to love,
O Lord Christ, Who lookest on me u
Thy dove,
Take me to Thee in Paradise, Thine ow
For whatever else I know, this thing i
Thou art there.

CHRISTI

143

"I am among you as he that se

I WAS hungry, and Thou feddest me ;
Yea, Thou gavest drink to slake my
O Lord, what love gift can I offer The
Who hast loved me first ?—

Feed My hungry brethren for My sak

Yea, Lord, I will serve them by Thy grace;
  Love Thee, seek Thee, in them; wait and pray:
Yet would I love Thyself, Lord, face to face,
    Heart to heart, one day.—

Let to-day fulfil its daily task,
  Fill thy heart and hand to them and Me:
To-morrow thou shalt ask, and shalt not ask
    Half I keep for thee.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

144

"But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

LORD, grant us grace to rest upon Thy word,
  To rest in hope until we see Thy face;
To rest thro' toil unruffled and unstirred,
      Lord, grant us grace.

  This burden and this heat wear on apace:
Night comes, when sweeter than night's singing bird
  Will swell the silence of our ended race.

Ah, songs which flesh and blood have never heard
  And cannot hear, songs of the silent place
Where rest remains! Lord, slake our hope deferred,
      Lord, grant us grace.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Is well and best.
The darkness hideth not from Hi
Clear as the morning or the evenir
Of east or west.

Wherefore man's strength is to sit
Not wasting care
To antedate to-morrow's good or ill
Yet watching meekly, watching wit
Watching to prayer.

Some rising or some setting ray
From east or west,
If not to-day why then another day,
Will light each dove upon the home
Safe to her nest.

CHRISTINA

"The desire of all nations shall c

CRADLED in a manger, meanly
Laid the Son of Man His

Happy were those shepherds listening
  To the holy angel's word!
Happy they, within that stable,
  Worshipping their infant Lord!
Happy all who hear the message
  Of His coming from above!
Happier still who hail His coming,
  And with praises greet His love!
Blessed Saviour, Christ-child holy!
  In a manger Thou didst rest:
Canst Thou stoop again, yet lower,
  And abide within my breast?
Evil things are there before Thee:
  In the heart, where they have fed,
Wilt Thou pitifully enter,
  Son of Man, and lay Thy head?
Enter then, O Christ-child holy;
  Make a Christmas in my heart:
Make a heaven of my manger:
  It is heaven where Thou art.
And to those who never listened
  To the message of Thy birth,
Who have winter, but no Christmas
  Bringing them Thy "peace on earth,"
Send to these the joyful tidings:
  By all people, in each home,
Be there heard the Christmas anthem,
  "Praise to God, the Christ has come!"

GEORGE STRINGER ROWE.

, we would not dare
Thy purpose, if we might
For how shall man presume
The everlasting Right.

No word of ours can make T
Or better than Thou art;
And yet we lift our souls to T
For what Thou canst impa

Our prayer is but a flower that
Its petals to the sun,
That in the light it may unfold
Its leaflets one by one.

We only ask Thyself: that we,
Unfolding hour by hour
The beauty of good deeds, ma
Thy life in like the flower.

MIN

148

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."

I CANNOT find Thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee! E'en when most adoring
Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back: Thou are not there!

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth: there, O God, Thou art!

I cannot lose thee! Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam:
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

149

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

WHEN darkness falls, O Lord,
And land and sea
In brooding silence rest,
We look to Thee.
Come; make a silence in our hearts we pray,
And tarry with us through the evening grey.

Nay, rather dwell with us,
Make us Thy home,
Then is no holier spot
Beneath heaven's dome.
For having Thee, we have all else beside;
We care for naught if Thou with us abide.

We thank Thee for Thy light
In shadowy ways,
For quiet peace and strength
In saddened days:
For joy which comes when we Thy form can see,
For sorrow also if it lead to Thee.

We pray Thee for Thy help
In all we do:
Teach us Thy hopefulness,
Thy patience too:
Since Thou, unmurmuring, dost for us wait long,
May we on Thee, with work and prayer and song.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Give us right thoughts of Thee,
Dear Lord we pray,
Help us to work Thy will,
Day after day.
Thus may we gain Thy perfect gift at last,
And know Thee, Christ and God, ere life be past.

And so, as darkness falls,
We look to Thee,
While brooding silence lies
On land and sea.—
The silence slowly deepens in our heart,—
We know that Thou wilt never thence depart.

MINNIE J. SHAW.

150

"He shall be for a sanctuary."

COME and let us sweetly sing
Praise to Christ; our Saviour King!
He along the week hath led,
Crown with praise His sacred head;
All the wearying work is o'er,
Trials sharp, temptations sore,
We the path have safely trod
Sheltered by the wings of God.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Gently now the darkness falls,
But no fear our heart appals;
For in His we place our hand,
Circled by His arm we stand;
Swiftly sinks the setting sun,
Whispering that the day is done;
Earth and sky suffused with calm
Sing to us a holy psalm.

Sing to us of lands of light,
Never gloomed by sombre night,
Where the toil of life shall cease,
In a world of perfect peace;
Here can come no troubling foe,
Here can brood no shadowing woe;
There is joy and rest for aye,
In that land not far away.

So to Christ our Saviour King
We our vesper song do sing,
He a careful watch will keep,
He will give His loved ones sleep:
Then upon these earthly skies,
Shall the Sabbath sun arise;
May its brightly falling rays
Listen to our hymns of praise.

JOHN S. SIMON.

151

"Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us."

Now steals away the trembling light,
Now quickly falls the hush of night.
Oh, Light of Life, we come to Thee!
Thy smile can make the darkness flee.

The shades of grief, when Thou art nigh,
Disperse as beams Thy loving eye;
The clouds of care no longer roll,
Like midnight storms, about the soul.

The sombre sins, that threatening stand,
Are swept away by Thy bright hand;
The weary heart, with grief oppressed,
Is filled by Thee with endless rest.

Oh, Saviour, see at close of day
Thy children come, by Thee, the Way;
To us the Father's face reveal,
Let us His radiant welcome feel.

Shine on us, Lord! unworthy all,
Yet for Thy love, Thy light we call;
We hate our sins, oh, now forgive,
Shine on us, Lord, and let us live;

Live in Thy light, whilst life shall last,
Live in Thy light, when life is past,
Live in Thy light, when morn shall break;
Shine on us, Lord, for Jesu's sake.

JOHN S. SIMON.

152

"And the light shineth in darkness."

DARK lines of hills, a golden sky;
They seem to meet, so close they lie.
And oft-times from the glory bright,
The hills are touched with golden light.

Dark lines of hills, a golden sky;
Thus near our earth and heaven lie,
And on the paths that most we dread,
The heavenly rays of gold are shed.

Upon the dark the glory breaks,
The silence into singing wakes,
And in our darkest hours we see,
The brightest visions, Lord, of Thee.

Thus near our earth and heaven lie:
Gloom glorified, a golden sky.
They touch; there breaks the perfect day.
The gloom in glory fades away.

SADIE S. SIMON.

153

"In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me: He shall set me up upon a rock."

ONE thing, O Lord, do I desire:
  Withhold not Thou the wish from me,
Which warms me like a secret fire,
  That I, Thy child, may dwell with Thee!

Dwell in Thy house for evermore,
  Thy wondrous beauty to behold,
And make inquiry as of yore
  Till all Thy will to me is told.

In this pavilion have I hid
  These many years when hurt by sin,
Or by my angry sorrows chid
  Or deaf with life's unceasing din.

Blown hither by the blasts of fear
  Or stooping with the weight of care,
My feet have hastened year on year
  With psalm of praise, or sigh of prayer.

Fear tells my heart that I may be
  Some day an alien from Thy door,
May cease Thy lovely face to see,
  And hear Thy whispers nevermore!

Tell me this hour shall never co
Plant me so deep Thy courts
That I may have my final home
And end where I began my s

JAMI

154

"God, who commanded the light to darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to giv the knowledge of the glory of God in the f Christ."

ETERNAL Word! God's true and only
Maker, and Lord, and Heir, and Juc
First-born of every creature; Holy One
We praise Thy Name, and on Thy N

Jehovah dwells from everlasting years

And life and love and truth and joy and might,
  And all the creature lieth incomplete,
Some darkness lingering in their purest light—
  Only in Thee doth all their fulness meet.

Nothing so dark as the pure light of God;
  Nothing so far from us and strange and high;
Nothing so weary as the grievous load
  The burdened creature bears until he die.

But in the Son of Love and Sacrifice
  Nothing so near and clear as God appears;
And lightly on the heart the burden lies
  Of all our imperfections and our fears.

True Son of God, our Sonship is in Thee;
  True light of God, our wisdom too Thou art;
O Lamb from earth's foundation slain for me,
  Thou bringest life and peace into my heart.

Ever in Thee the Father is revealed,
  Ever in Thee all things are reconciled,
Ever in Thee our sins and wounds are healed,
  Glory to Thee, the Pure and Undefiled.

WALTER C. SMITH
(*From the Lyra Mystica*).

Lo! He cometh, meek and lowly
  Strew the palm-branch on His
Son of David, Pure and Holy,
  King of Zion! Christ of God!

Lo! He comes, grand footprints
  All along the path He trod—
Each a miracle, and giving
  Token of a Present God.

Gospel to the poor He preacheth,
  Will not break the bruisèd reed
And with holy power He teachetl
  Is not this the Christ indeed?

He will heal us and enlighten,
  He will teach us Wisdom's way:
He will calm the storms that frigh
  He will give us songs of praise.

Lift the high gates everlasting,
  O ye doors, be opened wide,
Christ, the Lord, to us is hasting,
  In our hearts H[illegible]

156

"He telleth the number of the stars . . . . who covereth the heaven with clouds . . . . who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."

LORD God Omnipotent,
  Lord God alone.
High o'er the firmament
  Planting Thy throne.
Curtained about with light,
Under Thy feet a bright
  Pavement of stars,
No shade of darksome night
  Thy glory mars.

Sun, moon and stars fulfil
  Their times by Thee;
Angels to do Thy will
  Fleet lightnings be;
Rain, hail, and frost and snow,
And all the winds that blow,
  Are at Thy nod;
Oceans and tempests know
  Their mighty God.

Thou breathest on the earth,
  And there is spring,
Leaf buds come bursting forth,
  All the birds sing,

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Flocks on the hills are seen,
Herds on the meadows green,
  Forests rejoice,
All that had silent been
  Lifts up its voice.

Lord God Omnipotent,
  'Bide with Thy flock;
O keep them, when they faint,
  Safe on the Rock;
Show them Thy tender grace,
And the light of Thy face
  To them accord:
Praise to Thy holiness,
  Praise to the Lord.

WALTER C. SMITH.

157

"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

O LIGHT, more light to shine upon my way,
Light from the source of the eternal day!

O Light, more light, but not the light that fills
The heart with pride, and faith and feeling kills!

O Light, more light, for clouds are gathering rife
Light and more light, but still the Light of life!

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Light and more light upon my Cross, and His
Whose dying was the life of men, and is!

O Light, more light, to shine upon the grave,
That I may face its terrors—calm and brave!

Lo! the light cometh that shall never cease;
Soon shall the veil be lifted; be at peace!

Light and more light shines on the eternal shore,
Light of the life that dieth nevermore!

WALTER C. SMITH.

158

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

ONE thing I of the Lord desire—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean.

If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

So wash Thou me without, within;
Or purge with fire, if that must be;
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

WALTER C. SMITH

159

"And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount."

LORD! it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee:
Here in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts opprest with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants all in vain
To ease them of their bitter pain.

Lord! it is good for us to be
Where rest the souls that dwell with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Lord! it is good for us to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three;
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns,
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With Him whose last, best word is "Love."

Lord! it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee,
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments which shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

Lord! it is good for us to be
In life's worst anguish close to Thee,
Within the overshadowing cloud
Which wraps us in its awful shroud;
We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay;
They tell us of the dread "decease
But yet to linger here is peace.

Lord! it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
Which bids bewildered souls rejoice:
Though love wax cold, and faith grow dim,
"This is My Son: O hear ye Him!"

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

160

"Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy One? we shall not die."

O FRAIL spirit—vital spark,
  Trembling, toiling, rising, sinking,
Flickering bright 'mid shadows dark,
  Spring of feeling, acting, thinking,
Central flame of smiles and tears,
Boundless hopes and wasting fears,
Whither wilt thou wend thy way,
When we close this mortal day?

Shall the course of earthly joys
  Still repeat their round for ever,
Feasts and songs, and forms and toys,
  Endless throbs of this life's fever?
Or, beyond these weary woes,
Shall we find a deep repose,
And, like dove that seeks her nest,
Flee away and be at rest?

Dimly, through those shades unknown,
  Gleams the fate that shall befall us;
Faintly, entering there alone,
  Can we hear what voices call us;
Yet our spirits' inmost breath,
As we near the gates of death,
In that purer, larger air,
Thus may shape a worthier prayer:—

Maker of the human heart,
  Scorn not Thou Thine own creation,
Onward guide its nobler part,
  Train it for its high vocation:
From the long infected grain
Cleanse and purge each sinful stain;
Kindle with a kindred fire
Every good and great desire.

When in ruin and in gloom
  Falls to dust our earthly mansion,
Give us ample verge and room
  For the measureless expansion:
Clear our clouded mental sight
To endure Thy piercing light,
Open wide our narrow thought
To embrace Thee as we ought.

When the shadows melt away,
  And the eternal day is breaking,
Judge most just, be Thou our stay
  In that strange and solemn waking;

Thou to whom the heart sincere
Is Thy best of temples here,
May Thy faithfulness and love
Be our long last home above.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

161

"They go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

"RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
All thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things,
Heavenward to thy native place."
Higher still and ever higher,
Let thy soaring flight aspire,
Toward the Perfectness Supreme,
Goal of saints' and sages' dream.

There may we rejoicing meet,
Loved and lost, our hearts' best treasures,
Not without surprises sweet
Mount with them to loftier pleasures;
Though the earthly bond be gone,
Yet the spirits still are one—
One in love, and hope, and faith;
One in all that conquers death.

And, in those celestial spheres,
  Shall not then our keener vision
See, athwart the mist of years,
  Through the barriers of division,
Holy soul and noble mind,
From their baser dross refined,
Heroes of the better land
Whom below we scorn'd and bann'd?

May we wisely, humbly scan,
  Face to face at last beholding,
Glimpses of the Son of Man,
  All His Grace and Truth unfolding;
Through the ages still the same,
As of old on earth He came;
May our hope in Him be sure,
To be pure as He is pure.

As we climb that steep ascent,
  May the goodness and the glory,
Which to cheer our path were lent,
  Seem but fragments of the story,
There to be unroll'd at length,
In its fulness and its strength,
Not with words that fade and die,
In the Book of God Most High.

Through our upward pilgrimage,
  Larger, deeper, lessons learning,
May we boldly page on page
  Of diviner lore be turning;

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

May we still in labours blest
Never tire and never rest,
And with forces ever new
Serve the Holy and the True.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

162

"But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams."

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know Thee truly but in this,—
That Thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
  Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
  And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

JOHN STERLING.

163

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning."

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh—
  When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
  Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
  The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
  In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning
  A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
  Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
  Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
  But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
  When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
  Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

164

"The effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

THAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
  Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
  I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee!

Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
  Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
  And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
  Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
  All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me; there have been moments blest
  When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
  Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
  Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
  Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

165

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God."

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
  And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
  That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
  And silver waves glide ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
  Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
  There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
  Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
  And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
  Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

166

"As ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation."

LORD, with a very tired mind
I seek Thy face;
Thy shadowing wing alone can be
My resting-place.
Oh let the everlasting arms,
Around me thrown,
My secret sanctuary be
From ills unknown.

Thou knowest, Lord, the hidden cross
None else may see;
For Thou appointest every grief
That chastens me!
And I may plead with Thee, my God,
For patient strength,
That this Thy discipline of love
Bear fruit at length.

I need not fear to tell Thee all,
My heavenly Friend,—
Of conflict, longing, vague unrest,—
Thou sett'st the end:
And Thou wilt lead my weary feet
From world-worn ways,
Through paths of everlasting peace,
To calmer days.

Lord! dwell within my heart, and fill
Its emptiness;
Set Thou its hope above the reach
Of earthliness:
Baptize its love, through suffering,
Into Thine own;
And work in me a faith that rests
On Christ alone.

MARY KENT ADAMS STOWE.

167

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business."

WHILE the sun is shining
Brightly in the sky,
Ere the rays declining
Tell that night is nigh;
Ere the shadows falling
Lengthen on thy way,
Hark! a voice is calling,
"Work while it is day."

Work, but not in sadness,
For your Lord above;
He will make it gladness
With His smile of love:
When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Happy then the meeting
  When you see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
  From the throne of grace:
"Good and faithful servants
  Of My Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
  Enter into rest."

T. ALFRED STOWELL.

168

"That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
  Thou madest man, he knows not why;
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

169

"So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
    Turns again home.

  Twilight and evening bell,
    And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
    When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

170

"*Thy mercies . . . . are new every morning.*"

ALL that's good, and great, and true,
  All that is, and is to be,
Be it old, or be it new,
  Comes, O Father, comes from Thee

Mercies dawn with every day,
  Newer, brighter than before,
And the sun's declining ray
  Layeth others up in store.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Not a bird that doth not sing
  Sweetest praises to Thy Name;
Not an insect on the wing
  But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,
  All in happy concert ring,
And in wondrous harmony
  Join in praises to their King.

Far and near, o'er land and sea,
  Mountain-top and wooded dell,
All, in singing, sing of Thee
  Songs of love ineffable.

Fill us then with love divine,
  Grant that we, though toiling here,
May in spirit, being Thine,
  See and hear Thee everywhere.

May we all with songs of praise
  Whilst on earth Thy Name adore,
Till with angel-choirs we raise
  Songs of praise for evermore.

GODFREY THRING.

171

" *Immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.*"

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry:
"Oh save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep,
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

GODFREY THRING.

172

"Father, glorify Thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

FATHER, let me dedicate
  This new year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
  Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
  Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer:
  Glorify Thy Name.

Can a child presume to choose
  Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
  All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
  Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
  Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
  Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
  Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart while it sings,
  Thee in all proclaim;
And, whate'er the future brings
  Glorify Thy Name.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

If Thou callest to the Cross,
  And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
  Shrouding heart and home ;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
  To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
  Glorify Thy Name.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT.

173

"As He is, so are we in this world."

FATHER, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
  I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
  To soothe and sympathise.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
  Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
  To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
  For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
  To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
  While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
  If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
  In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
  With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—not to serve Thee much
  But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
  That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
  And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
  Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
  There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
  That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
  Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

174

"*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*"

Go not far from me, O my strength,
  Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
  But go not Thou away;
And let the storm that does Thy work
  Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
  In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
  Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
  To need Thy tenderness.

Thy love has many a lighted path,
  No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
  Though darkness cloud Thy face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
  As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,
  And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
  With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
  The darkness shines like day.

There is no death for me to fear,
  For Christ, my Lord, hath died:
There is no curse in this my pain.
  For He was crucified;
And it is fellowship with Him
  That keeps me near His side.

ANNA L. WARING.

175

"I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me."

IN Heavenly Love abiding,
  No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
  For nothing changes here.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

The storm may roar without me,
  My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
  And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
  No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
  And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
  His sight is never dim,—
He knows the way He taketh,
  And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
  Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
  Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
  My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
  And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING.

176

Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools."

My heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill—
For the waters of this world have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise—
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known—
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

My heart is resting, O my God,
  My heart is in Thy care—
I hear the voice of joy and health
  Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
  Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
  Will never die away.

ANNA L. WARING.

177

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

O GOD, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
  And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
  Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
  And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
  To endless years the same.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

A thousand ages in Thy sight
  Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
  With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
  And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
  Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
  Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
  And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS.

178

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

179

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy Name.

Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear Name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile, beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame, my glory and my crown:

In want, my plentiful supply,
In weakness, my almighty power,
In bonds, my perfect liberty,
My light in nature's darkest hour;
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

CHARLES WESLEY.

180

"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
  Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
  And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
  My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
  Look on Thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
  I never will unloose my hold!
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
  The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
  Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell:
  To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
  And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
  When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

WESLEY.

181

"The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

To the hills I lift mine eyes,
  The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
  My soul the Spirit feels.
Will He not His help afford?
  Help while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down; the God and Lord
  That made both earth and heaven.

Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
  And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
  Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast:
  He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in Him, securely rest;
  Thy Watchman never sleeps.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
  Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
  On His all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
  Israel all His care shall prove
Kept by watchful providence,
  And ever-waking love.

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
  Omnipotently near!
Lo! He holds thee by thy hand,
  And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with His wings thy head;
  Guards from all impending harms:
Round thee and beneath are spread
  The everlasting arms.

Christ shall bless thy going out,
  Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
  Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
  Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect, now,
  Henceforth, and evermore.

WESLEY

182

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove,
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE
and FANNY F. MAITLAND.

183

"Under His wings shalt thou trust."

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
  To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
  Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
  Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
  His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
  Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
  Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way
  Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
  Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
  Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
  In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life
  Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
  Slow rounding into calm.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

And so the shadows fall apart,
  And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
  I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

184

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
  Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
  In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
  Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
  Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
  O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
  Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
  Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
  As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
  Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
  The beauty of Thy peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

185

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THINE are all the gifts, O God!
  Thine the broken bread;
Let the naked feet be shod,
  And the starving fed.

Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
  Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing space,
  And the lost are found.

Wiser than the miser's hoards
  Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
  Is the thankful voice.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

186

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

We faintly hear, we dimly s
In different phrase we pr
But, dim or clear, we own i
The Light, the Truth, the
JOHN GRE

187

"Follow after charity, and desire

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Gh
Taught by Thee, we covet
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers lon
Love is meek, and thinks n
Love, than death itself more
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of da

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright
  Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
  And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
  Holy, heavenly love.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

188

„Daß sie auffahren mit Flügeln wie Adler."

Unter Lilien jener Freuden
  Sollst du weiden;
Seele, schwinge dich empor!
  Als ein Adler fleug behende!
  Jesu Hände
Oeffnen schon das Perlenthor.

Schon bedie
Mit dem reinsten Jube

Löse, erstgeborner
Doch die Rut
Meines Schiffleins, daß
In den sichern Frie
Zu den Schaf
Die der Furcht entrücket

189

„Ich bin eine Blume zu Saron, u

Es ist ein Ros' en
Aus einer Wurz
Als uns die Alten
Von Jesse kam d
Und hat ein

Das Röslein, das ich meine,
Davon Jesajas sagt,
Hat uns gebracht alleine
Marie, die reine Magd.
Aus Gottes ew'gem Rath
Hat sie ein Kind geboren
Wohl zu der halben Nacht.

190

„Aber ich weiß, daß mein Erlöser lebet."

Jesus meine Zuversicht,
Und mein Heiland ist im Leben!
Dieses weiß ich: sollt' ich nicht
Darum mich zufrieden geben,
Was die lange Todesnacht
Mir auch für Gedanken macht?

Dieser meiner Augen Licht
Wird Ihn, meinen Heiland, kennen;
Ich, ich selbst, ein Fremder nicht,
Werd' in seiner Liebe brennen:
Nur die Schwachheit um und an
Wird von mir sein abgethan.

Seid getrost und hoch erfreut:
Jesus trägt euch, meine Glieder;
Gebt nicht Statt der Traurigkeit;

Sterbt ihr: Christus ruft euch wieder,
Wann einst die Posaun' erklingt,
Die auch durch die Gräber dringt.

Nur, daß ihr den Geist erhebt
Von den Lüsten dieser Erden,
Und euch dem schon jetzt ergebt
Dem ihr beigefügt wollt werden.
Schickt das Herze da hinein,
Wo ihr ewig wünscht zu sein.

Luise Henriette, Kurfürstin v. Brandenburg.

191

„Das thut zu meinem Gedächtniß."

Schmücke dich, o meine Seele;
Laß die dunkle Sündenhöle;
Komm' an's helle Licht gegangen,
Fange herrlich an zu prangen!
Denn der Herr voll Heil und Gnaden
Will dich jetzt zu Gaste laden;
Der den Himmel kann verwalten,
Will jetzt Herberg' in dir halten.

Eile, wie Verlobte pflegen,
Deinem Bräutigam entgegen,
Der mit süßen Gnadenworten,
Klopft an deines Herzens Pforten.

Eile, sie Ihm aufzuschließen,
Wirf dich hin zu Seinen Füßen,
Sprich: „O Herr, laß' dich umfassen,
Von dir will ich nimmer lassen!"

Ach, wie hungert mein Gemüthe,
Menschenfreund, nach deiner Güte;
Ach, wie pfleg' ich oft mit Thränen
Mich nach dieser Kost zu sehnen;
Ach, wie pfleget mich zu dürsten
Nach dem Trank des Lebensfürsten:
Wünsche stets, daß mein Gebeine
Sich durch Gott mit Gott vereine.

Jesu, meines Lebens Sonne,
Jesu, meine Freud' und Wonne,
Jesu, du mein ganz Beginnen,
Lebensquell und Licht der Sinnen!
Hier fall' ich zu deinen Füßen:
Laß mich würdiglich genießen
Dieser deiner Himmelspeise
Mir zum Heil und dir zum Preise!

Herr, es hat dein treues Lieben
Dich vom Himmel hergetrieben,
Daß du willig hast dein Leben
In den Tod für uns gegeben;

Jesu, wahres Brod
Hilf, daß ich doch n
Oder mir vielleicht z
Sei zu deinem Tisch
Laß mich durch dies
Deine Liebe recht erf
Daß ich einst, wie je
Mög' dein Gast im .

192

„Du, Herr, bist der Höchste

Wer ist wohl, wie
Jesu, süße Ruh'?
Unter Vielen auser
Leben derer, die ver
Und ihr Licht dazu,
Jesu, süße Ruh'.

Meine Schulden zugedecket,
Und mich aus der Noth
Hat geführt zu Gott.

Glanz der Herrlichkeit:
Du bist vor der Zeit
Zum Erlöser uns geschenket,
Und in unser Fleisch versenket
In der Füll' der Zeit,
Glanz der Herrlichkeit!

Höchste Majestät,
König und Prophet;
Deinen Scepter will ich küssen,
Ich will sitzen dir zu Füßen,
Wie Maria thät,
Höchste Majestät.

Laß mich deinen Ruhm,
Als dein Eigenthum,
Durch des Geistes Licht erkennen,
Stets in deiner Liebe brennen,
Als dein Eigenthum,
Allerschönster Ruhm.

Deiner Sanftmuth Schild,
Deiner Demuth Bild
Mir anlege, ich mich präge,

Daß kein Zorn, noch Stolz sich rege;
Vor dir sonst nichts gilt,
Als dein eigen Bild.

Wenn der Wellen Macht
In der trüben Nacht
Will des Herzens Schifflein decken,
Wollst du deine Hand ausstrecken:
Habe auf mich Acht,
Hüter in der Nacht.

Soll's zum Sterben geh'n,
Wollst du bei mir stehn,
Mich durch's Todesthal begleiten
Und zur Herrlichkeit bereiten,
Daß ich einst mag sehn
Mich zur Rechten stehn!

A. A. Freylinghausen

193

„Und wer da lebet und glaubet an mich, der wird nimmermehr sterben."

Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich,
Tod, wo sind nun deine Schrecken?
Er, Er lebt und wird auch mich
Von den Todten auferwecken.
Er verklärt mich in Sein Licht;
Dies ist meine Zuversicht.

Jesus lebt, Ihm ist das Reich
  Ueber alle Welt gegeben;
Mit Ihm werd' auch ich zugleich
  Ewig herrschen, ewig leben.
Gott erfüllt, was Er verspricht;
Dies ist meine Zuversicht.

Jesus lebt, Sein Heil ist mein,
  Sein sei auch mein ganzes Leben;
Reines Herzens will ich sein
  Und den Lüsten widerstreben.
Er verläßt den Schwachen nicht;
Dies ist meine Zuversicht.

Jesus lebt, ich bin gewiß,
  Nichts soll mich von Jesu scheiden,
Keine Macht der Finsternifs,
  Keine Herrlichkeit, kein Leiden;
Er gibt Kraft zu dieser Pflicht;
Dies ist meine Zuversicht.

Jesus lebt, nun ist der Tod
  Mir der Eingang in das Leben;
Welchen Trost in Todesnoth
  Wird es meiner Seele geben,
Wenn sie gläubig zu Ihm spricht:
„Herr, Herr, meine Zuversicht!"

C. F. Gellert.

194

„Hosianna, dem Sohne Davids; gelobt sei, der da kommt in dem Namen des Herrn."

Wie soll ich dich empfangen?
Und wie begegn' ich dir?
O aller Welt Verlangen,
O meiner Seelen Zier!
O Jesu, Jesu, setze
Mir selbst die Fackel bei,
Damit, was dich ergötze,
Mir kund und wissend sei.

Dein Zion streut dir Palmen
Und grüne Zweige hin,
Und ich will dir in Psalmen
Ermuntern meinen Sinn.
Mein Herze soll dir grünen
In stetem Lob und Preis,
Und deinem Namen dienen,
So gut es kann und weiß.

Ich lag in schweren Banden,
Du kommst und machst mich los;
Ich stund in Spott und Schanden,
Du kommst und machst mich groß,
Und hebst mich hoch zu Ehren,
Und schenkst mir großes Gut,
Das sich nicht läßt verzehren,
Wie irdisch Reichtum thut.

Nichts, nichts hat dich getrieben
Zu mir vom Himmelszelt,
Als das geliebte Lieben,
Damit du alle Welt
In ihren tausend Plagen
Und großen Jammerlast,
Die kein Mund aus kann sagen,
So fest umfangen hast.

Ihr dürft euch nicht bemühen,
Noch sorgen Tag und Nacht,
Wie ihr Ihn wollet ziehen
Mit eures Armes Macht:
Er kommt, Er kommt mit Willen;
Ist voller Lieb' und Lust,
All' Angst und Noth zu stillen,
Die Ihm an euch bewußt.

Er kommt zum Weltgerichte,
Zum Fluch dem, der Ihm flucht;
Mit Gnad' und süßem Lichte
Dem, der Ihn liebt und sucht.
Ach! komm', ach! komm', o Sonne!
Und hol' uns allzumal
Zum ew'gen Licht und Wonne
In deinen Freudensaal!

Paul Gerhardt.

195

„Und sie werden meine Stimme hören, und wird Eine Heerde und Ein Hirte werden."

Eine Heerde und ein Hirt'!
Wie wird dann dir sein, o Erde,
Wann Sein Tag erscheinen wird!
Freue dich, du kleine Heerde;
Mach' dich auf und werde Licht!
Jesus hält was Er verspricht.

Hüter! ist der Tag noch fern?
Schon ergrünt es auf den Weiden
Und die Herrlichkeit des Herrn
Nahet dämmernd sich den Heiden.
Blinde Pilger fleh'n um Licht.
Jesus hält, was Er verspricht.

Komm', o komm', getreuer Hirt',
Daß die Nacht zum Tage werde!
Ach, wie manches Schäflein irrt
Fern von dir und deiner Heerde!
Kleine Heerde, zage nicht:
Jesus hält, was Er verspricht.

O des Tags der Herrlichkeit!
Jesus Christus, du die Sonne,
Und auf Erden weit und breit
Licht und Wahrheit, Fried' und Wonne!
Mach' dich auf, es werde Licht!
Jesus hält, was Er verspricht.

F. A. Krummacher.

196

„Danket dem Herrn, denn er ist freundlich."

Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren,
Meine geliebte Seele, das ist mein Begehren.
Kommet zu Hauf!
Psalter und Harfe wacht auf!
Lasset die Musikam hören!

Lobe den Herren, der Alles so herrlich regieret,
Der dich auf Adelers Fittigen sicher geführet,
Der dich erhält,
Wie es dir selber gefällt;
Hast du nicht dieses verspüret?

Lobe den Herren, der künstlich und fein dich bereitet,
Der dir Gesundheit verliehen, dich freundlich geleitet:
In wie viel Noth
Hat nicht der gnädige Gott
Ueber dir Flügel gebreitet!

Lobe den Herren, der deinen Stand sichtbar gesegnet,
Der aus dem Himmel mit Strömen der Liebe geregnet!
Denke daran,
Was der Allmächtige kann,
Der dir mit Liebe begegnet!

Lobende, schließe mit Amen.

197

„Befiehl dem Herrn deine We
er wird es wohl

Wer nur den lieben G
Und hoffet auf Ihn
Den wird Er wunderb
In aller Noth und
Wer Gott, dem Allerhö
Der hat auf keinen Sa

Was helfen uns die schr
Was hilft uns unser
Was hilft es, daß wir a
Beseufzen unser Unge
Wir machen unser Kreuz
Nur größer durch die Tr

Man halte nur ein wenig

Gott, der uns Ihm hat auserwählt,
Der weiß auch sehr wohl, was uns fehlt.

Denk' nicht in deiner Drangsalshitze,
  Daß du von Gott verlassen seist,
Und daß Gott der im Schooße sitze,
  Der sich mit stetem Glücke preist:
Die Folgezeit verändert viel,
Und setzet jeglichem sein Ziel.

Es sind ja Gott sehr leichte Sachen,
  Und ist dem Höchsten alles gleich,
Den Reichen klein und arm zu machen,
  Den Armen aber groß und reich:
Gott ist der rechte Wundermann,
Der bald erhöh'n, bald stürzen kann.

Sing' bet' und geh' auf Gottes Wegen,
  Verricht' das Deine nur getreu,
Und trau' des Höchsten reichem Segen:
  So wird er bei dir werden neu.
Denn welcher seine Zuversicht
Auf Gott setzt, den verläßt Er nicht!

G. Neumark.

198

„Lobet den Herrn in seinem Heiligthum."

Nun danket Alle Gott mit Herzen, Mund und Händen
Der große Dinge thut an uns und allen Enden;
Der uns von Mutterleib' und Kindesbeinen an
Unzählig viel zu gut und noch jetzund gethan.

Der ewig-reiche Gott woll' uns bei unserm Leben
Ein immer fröhlich Herz und steten Frieden geben,
Und uns in Seiner Gnad' erhalten fort und fort,
Und uns aus aller Noth erlösen hier und dort.

Lob, Ehr' und Preis sei Gott, dem Vater und dem Sohne,
Und dem, der beiden gleich im höchsten Himmelsthrone,
Dem dreieinigen Gott, als der im Anfang war,
Und ist und bleiben wird jetzund und immerdar!

Martin Rinckart.

199

„Gott ist im Licht und in ihm ist keine Finsterniß."

Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit,
Licht vom unerschöpften Lichte;
Schick' uns diese Morgenzeit
Deine Strahlen zu Gesichte;
Und vertreib' durch deine Macht
Unsere Nacht.

Deiner Güte Morgenthau
  Fall' auf unser matt' Gewissen;
Laß die dürre Lebensau
  Lauter süßen Trost genießen,
Und erquick' uns, deine Schaar,
    Immerdar.

Gieb, daß deiner Liebe Glut
  Uns're kalten Werke tödte,
Und erweck' uns Herz und Muth
  Bei entstandne'r Morgenröthe,
Daß wir, eh' wir gar vergeh'n,
    Recht aufsteh'n.

Leucht' uns selbst in jene Welt,
  Du verklärte Gnadensonne!
Führ' uns durch das Thränenfeld
  In das Land der süßen Wonne,
Da die Lust, die uns erhöht,
    Nie vergeht.

C. Knorr v. Rosenroth.

200

„Sage den Kindern Israels, daß sie ziehen."

Fahre fort! Zion, fahre fort im Licht!
  Mache deinen Leuchter helle,
Laß die erste Liebe nicht,
  Suche stets die Lebensquelle;
Zion, dringe durch die enge Pfort',
    Fahre fort!

Leide dich! Zion, leide ohne Scheu
  Trübsal, Angst mit Spott und Hohne,
Sei bis in den Tod getreu,
  Siehe auf die Lebenskrone;
Zion, fühlest du den Schlangenstich,
    Leide dich!

Prüfe recht! Zion, prüfe recht den Geist,
  Der dir ruft zu beiden Seiten,
Thue nicht, was er dich heißt,
  Laß nur deinen Stern dich leiten;
Zion, beides, das, was gut und schlecht,
    Prüfe recht!

Dringe ein! Zion, dringe ein in Gott,
  Stärke dich mit Geist und Leben,
Sei nicht, wie die Andern, todt,
  Sei du gleich den grünen Reben;
Zion, in die Kraft, für Heuchelschein,
    Dringe ein!

Brich, herfür! Zion, brich herfür in Kraft,
  Weil die Bruderliebe brennet,
Zeige, was der in dir schafft,
  Der als Seine Braut dich kennet;
Zion, durch die dir gegeb'ne Thür
    Brich herfür!

Halte aus! Zion, halte deine Treu',
  Laß dich ja nicht laulich finden.
Auf! das Kleinod rückt herbei,
  Auf! verlasse was dahinten;
Zion, in dem letzten Kampf und Strauß
  Halte aus!

A. C. Schmidt.

201

„Und betet stets in allem Anliegen, mit Bitten und Flehen im Geist."

Beten heißt, im Himmel weilen,
  Ruhen still in seinem Gott;
Beten heißt, zum Vater eilen,
  Bangt dem Kind' in Angst und Noth;
Beten heißt, in Liebe brennen
  Zu dem Vater voller Huld;
Beten, kindlich Ihm bekennen
  Alle seine Sünd' und Schuld.

Beten heißet, tief empfinden
  Seines Gottes Freundlichkeit,
Heißt, sich innig Ihm verbinden,
  Heißt, Ihm sagen Freud' und Leid.
Beten heißt, die nassen Blicke
  Heben glaubensvoll zum Herrn,
Daß nach dunkler Nacht erquicke
  Uns Sein lichter Gnadenstern.

Beten heißt, in sel'gem Glücke
Tief beschämt vor'm Vater knie'n:
„Bin's nicht werth, daß mich entzücke
Solch' ein Glück, wie du verlieh'n!"
Beten heißt, wenn tief mich kränket,
Dem ich Liebe häuft' auf Lieb',
Still den Blick zu Gott gelenket,
Seufzen: „Vater, ihm vergib!"

Und ob von dem Oel der Zähren
Meines Betens Flamme glüht,
Ob ein schmerzliches Entbehren
Zum Gebet mich nieder zieht,
Wär' an seinem heil'gen Feuer
Herbes Weh auch Wächter mir,
Immer brünst'ger, immer treuer
Blick ich betend auf zu dir!

Will dich betend rühmen, preisen,
Daß mich leitet deine Hand,
Daß mir Engel segnend weisen
Weg und Steg zum Vaterland,
Daß sie hüten meine Seele
Und mich schirmen früh und spät,
Und mich retten, wenn ich fehle;
Will dir's danken im Gebet!

Lehr' mich beten, lehr' mich flehen,
Lehr' mich kindlich zu dir schrei'n,
Bis dich selbst ich werde sehen
Und auf ewig bei dir sein!
Nimm mir Alles! Nur das Eine
Laß' mir, was mein Herz erfleht:
„Laß' mir, Gott, laß' mir das reine,
Fromme, kindliche Gebet!"

G. M. Schulze.

202

„Ich bin ein heller Morgenstern."

Schönster Herr Jesu,
O Herrscher aller Enden,
Gottes und Marien Sohn;
Dich will ich lieben,
Dich will ich ehren,
Du meiner Seelen Freud' und Kron'!

Schön sind die Felder,
Noch schöner sind die Wälder
In der schönen Frühlingszeit;
Jesus ist feiner,
Jesus ist reiner,
Der unser traurig Herz erfreut.

Schön leucht't die Sonne,
Noch schöner leucht't der Monden
  Und die Sternlein allzumal;
Jesus leucht't feiner
Jesus leucht't reiner,
  Als all' die Engel im Himmelssaal.

Schön sind die Blumen,
Noch schöner sind die Menschen
  In der frischen Jugendzeit.
Sie müssen sterben,
Müssen verderben,
  Jesus lebt in Ewigkeit.

All' die Schönheit
Himmels und der Erden
  Ist verfaßt in dir allein!
Keiner auf Erden
Soll lieber mir werden,
  Als du, schönster Herr Jesu, mein!

Du bist wahrhaftig
Hoch von uns geliebet,
  Wahrhaft hoch gebenedeit!
Jesu wir bitt'n dich,
Sei du uns gnädig
  Bis an unsere letzte Zeit!

Altes Volkslied.

203

" *Magnificavit Dominus facere nobiscum.*"

AUCTOR beate saeculi,
Christe Redemptor omnium,
Lumen Patris de lumine,
Deusque verus de Deo.
Amor coegit te tuus
Mortale corpus sumere,
Ut novus Adam redderes
Quod vetus ille abstulerat.

Ille amor almus artifex
Terrae marisque, et siderum,
Errata patrum miserans,
Et nostra rumpens vincula.
Non corde discedat tuo
Vis illa amoris inclyti :
Hoc fonte gentes hauriant
Remissionis gratiam.

Percussum ad hoc est lancea,
Passumque ad hoc est vulnera ;
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Unda fluente, et sanguine.
Decus Parenti, et Filio,
Sanctoque sit Spiritui,
Quibus potestas, gloria
Regnumque in omne est saeculum.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.

204

"Magnificat anima mea Dominum, et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo."

CREATOR alme siderum,
Aeterna lux credentium,
Jesu Redemptor omnium,
Intende votis supplicum.

Qui daemonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis, impetu
Amoris actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es.

Cujus potestas gloriae,
Nomenque cum primum sonat,
Et coelites et inferi
Tremente curvantur genu.

Te deprecamur ultimae
Magnum diei Judicem:
Armis supernae gratiae
Defende nos ab hostibus.

Virtus, honor, laus, gloria
Deo Patri, cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.

205

"*Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.*"

JESU dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia :
Sed super mel, et omnia,
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus, Dei Filius.

Jesu spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus !
Quam bonus te quaerentibus !
Sed quid invenientibus ?

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere ;
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

Sis, Jesu, nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus praemium ;
Sit nostra in te gloria
Per cuncta semper saecula.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.

206

"Redde mihi laetitiam salutaris tui: et spiritu principali confirma me."

LUCIS Creator optime,
Lucem dierum proferens,
Primordiis lucis novae,
Mundi parans originem.

Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari praecipis:
Illabitur tetrum chaos,
Audi preces cum fletibus.

Coeleste pulset ostium:
Vitale tollat praemium:
Vitemus omne noxium:
Purgemus omne pessimum.

Praesta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne saeculum.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.

207

"Redemptionem misit populo suo: mandavit in aeternum testamentum suum."

REX gloriose martyrum,
Corona confitentium,
Qui respuentes terrea
Perducis ad coelestia.

Aurem benignam protinus
Intende nostris vocibus :
Trophaea sacra pangimus :
Ignosce quod deliquimus.

Tu vincis inter martyres,
Parcisque confessoribus :
Tu vince nostra crimina,
Largitor indulgentiae.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.

208

"In noctibus extollite manus vestras in sancta : et benedicite Dominum."

TE lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator, poscimus
Ut pro tua clementia,
Sis praesul et custodia.

Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata ;
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

Praesta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne saeculum.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.

209

"*Dixit Dominus Domino meo: Sede a dextris meis.*"

TRISTES erant Apostoli
De Christi acerbo funere,
Quem morte crudelissima
Servi necarant impii.

Sermone verax Angelus
Mulieribus predixerat:
Mox ore Christus gaudium
Gregi feret fidelium.

Ad anxios Apostolos
Currunt statim dum nuntiae,
Illae micantis obvia
Christi tenent vestigia.

Galileae ad alta montium
Se conferunt Apostoli,
Jesuque, voti compotes,
Almo beantur lumine.

Ut sis perenne mentibus,
Paschale Jesu gaudium;
A morte dira criminum,
Vitae renatos libera.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna saecula.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.

210

"*Quoniam tu es, Domine, spes mea: altissimum posuisti refugium tuum.*"

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quae tu creasti, pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternae dexterae,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum,
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula.

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM.

211

"*Lumen ad revelationem gentium, et gloriam plebis tuae Israel.*"

ADESTE fideles,
Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem:
Natum videte
Regem angelorum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera:
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum:
Venite adoremus, etc.

Cantet nunc Io
Chorus angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula coelestium,
Gloria
In excelsis Deo:
Venite adoremus, etc.

Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus, etc.

ST. GIOVANNI DE FIDENZA BONAVENTURE.

212

"Quia tenebrae non obscurabuntur a te, et nox sicut dies illuminabitur: sicut tenebrae ejus, ita et lumen ejus."

"DIEM—diem exoptamus,"
De profundis exclamamus,
Jesu sol justitiae!
Exorire splendide,
Scande coelum, dum tu fundis

Lucem super montes—undas,
Hic nigrescit mare ferox,
Adsis tu—et pereat nox.

"Diem—diem exoptamus,"
Miseri te adoramus,
Rudentes omnes atteruntur,
Humanae ancorae perduntur,
O detur ancora usque valens—
Christe! spes nostra—nunquam fallens,
Aut tolle ancoram intra velum,
Sic superabimus procellam.

"Diem—diem exoptamus"
Despecta nos—dum laboramus
Hic remigantes—fracti—lassi,
Fluctibus ventisque fessi.
Supra mare flant procellae,
Rupes adsunt—exeunt stellae,
Spes ex nobis languens—moriens—
Spes ex Christo usque oriens.

O pulchra Aurora—lux beata!
Splendens in undis, laeta—lata—
Salutamus Jesu adventum,
Nubium noctem depellentem;
Sic vela tollimus fidentes
In Christo solo—committentes
Nosmet ad altum mare amoris,
Ferimur ad coeli oras.

RICHARD S. BROOKE.

213

"Tu es sacerdos in aeternum, secundum ordinem Melchisedech."

JESU—coelestis arca es,
Meipsum—mentem—omnes res,
In te projicio, atque ad coelum
Cum Deo meo pando velum,
In illo clausum, saeviat mare,
Tamen non prodest me turbare.

Jesu—tu scopulus elatus,
Prehendo te—dum scandens latus,
Et retrospicienti in mare
Cupit cor gratum te laudare
Trahentem miserum me ab imis,
O conde in amoris rimis.

Jesu—mihi lumen certum,
Ostendens rupes, monstrans syrtem,
Fulgor innubilus et fidus,
In pelago serenum sidus,
Lucerna vitae! alma luce
Errantem me retrorsum duce.

Jesu—tu anchora tentata
Trahens ex unda agitata,
Ut pridem juventutis horis
Cum turbines pulsarent oras,
Nunc tibi adstrictus! patiens—festus—
Resto—dum praeterit tempestas.

Jesu—tu pacis portus es,
Refugium nunc—tunc requies—
Cor laete pandit omne velum
Ut te assequar—et coelum—
Ad gloriam festinans per gratiam,
Avens mi Jesu cernere faciem.

RICHARD S. BROOKE.

214

"*Qui seminant in lacrymis, in exultatione metent.*"

HIC est regio frondosa,
Nuper stabat luctuosa,
Voces tollimus laetantes,
Dei opus celebrantes,
Quis potest Deum sat laudare?
Deserta docet cantitare?

Hic qua stabant herbae immundae,
Qua vigebant spinae abunde,
Cedrus celsus nunc frondescit,
En cupressus viget—crescit—
Domine! ab te peractum
Agnoscimus divinum factum:

Arbores ab te plantatae
Sint tibi bene vigilatae,
O ausculta quando oramus,
Has tueto—stirpem—ramos—
Coram te—ab te trahentes,
Vitam per quam sunt valentes:

Insuper desideramus,
Nega ne quod supplicamus,
Spinae omnes sint obrutae,
Arbores sint substitutae,
Tunc vere rideant deserta—
Olim vepribus referta.

RICHARD S. BROOKE,
From the English of THOMAS KELLY.

215

"Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis."

IN tumultu, in dolore,
Sum solatus tuo amore,
Dum de spinis qua calcabant
Pedes, gaudia germinabant.

Luctus bonum mi donavit
Quale prospera res negavit,
Sicut herbae non fragrantes—
Tritae—fiunt odorantes.

Quercus silvae celsa—crassa,
Firmius constat ventis quassa,
Sic casus vitae fortius ligant
Corda ad te, coeloque affigunt.

Veniat damnum—veniat fatum,
Etsi dirum—erit gratum,
Si qua modo, Jesu care!
Discam magis te amare.

RICHARD S. BROOKE,
From the English of R. T. P. POPE.

216

"*Surge, Domine, in requiem tuam.*"

CHRISTE fulgens summo coelo,
Christe fulgens absque velo,
Sol justitiae exorire
Noctis umbras fac perire,
Coeli astrum jam splendescens
Te attolle—clarum—crescens;

Maestum tempus matutinum
Si non micet os divinum;
Praebet nullum dies lumen
Si non adsit Christi numen;
O Salvator huc attende,
Gremio adsis, cor accende;

Magna luminis origo,
Quando premit cor caligo,
Adsis! pectus sustentare,
Adsis! scelus expiare,
Magis—magis te ostendens,
Semper surgens—semper splendens.

RICHARD S. BROOKE,
From the English of CHARLES WESLEY.

217

" *Scapulis suis obumbrabit tibi: et sub pennis ejus sperabis.*"

JESUS amans et dilectus
Trahar intra tuum pectus,
Quando fluctus pulset oras,
Quando ventus flet sonorus,
Abde—abde, Jesu Christe
Donec transeat turbo iste,
Sume animam post mortem,
Salvam recipe in portum.

Ubi fugiam nisi datur
Christus? ibi cor solatur.
Haud me linque destitutum,
Serva strenuum—serva tutum—
Ab te vis communicatur,
Ab te fides derivatur,
Tege caput meum, tuto,
Alis tuis—sicut scuto.

Gratia apud te redundat,
Nefas omne meum mundat,
Adsit flumen sanaturum,
Fac et serva pectus purum;
Tu es vitae fons renatae,
De te bibam large—grate,
Velut fluvio profluenti—
In aeternum salienti.

WINTERSDORF HYMNAL

Nihil praeter Christum quaero,
Plusquam omnia in Christo gero,
Lapsos leva tua luce,—
Aegros sana—caecos duce—
Tu—coelesti gratia ornatus—
Ego—culpis sum gravatus—
Plenus ego peccatorum,
Tu es sanctus—inscius horum.

RICHARD S. BROOKE,
From the English of CHARLES WESLEY.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
London & Edinburgh

BV349.S56
Wintersdorf hymnal /
Andover-Harvard 001029003
3 2044 077 915 239